

THIS PAPER CONTAINS
20 PAGES.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

20 PAGES
1 to 8

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING JULY 28, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, ETC.

J. M. HIGH & CO.'S

LAST CALL FOR JULY

"RAZZLE DAZZLE."

PRICES CONTINUED !

Last week's sale was a tremendous and overwhelming success. The "Razzle Dazzle" prices are continued this week, and we expect to hit harder and harder until we have closed every yard of summer stuffs. A grand opportunity for bargains.

Wash Dress Goods

SEASONABLE FABRICS

Going at Ridiculous Prices.

5,000 yards Ecco Plaid Lawns to be closed at 2c. yard.

10,000 yards solid Chambrays to be given away at 3c. yard.

200 pieces new American Challies, beautiful French styles, worth 10c., 15c. yard.

Figured Lawns, 10,000 yards from Pacific and

Manhattan Lawns, best styles, fast colors, at 7c. yard.

Figured Batistes, yard, wide, extra quality and new designs, cut from 12c. and 15c. to 8c. yard.

Domestic cotton checks at 5c. yard.

GINGHAMS.

Thousands and thousands of yards, all styles, at bargain prices.

French Ginghams cut from 25 to 12c. yard.

Browns only.

200 pieces fine plaid and striped Ginghams, worth 12c. at 7c. yard.

WHITE GOODS.

Nothing but bargains this week in this department.

5,000 yards India linen worth 10c., at 5c. yard.

2 cases fine India linen worth 12c. at 7c. yard.

200 pieces white striped Lawns at 4c., actually worth 7c.

1,000 yards checked Naismith at 5c., worth 7c.

Fine plaid India linens at 8c., worth 12c.

Plaid organdies, the prettiest white goods in the market, reduced from 25c. and 35c. to 20c.

yard.

EMBROIDERIES.

This week we propose to make a clean sweep of Embroidered Skirtings. We embrace the entire stock in two lots at prices that will sell them.

Lot 1—Consists of all the Skirtings we have on hand from \$1.25 to \$2.50 yard, will go this week at a uniform price \$1. yard.

Lot 2—Will be all our fine hemstitched, tucked and Irish Point Skirtings, worth from \$2.50 to \$5. yard, and they go at \$1.50 yard.

These are bargains.

200 yards of yards of narrow embroideries at bargain prices.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS !

—AT—

BARGAIN PRICES

An Opportunity

FOR EVERYBODY !

Bargains in Damasks!

Bargains in Napkins!

Bargains in Towels!

20 pieces bleached satin damask, extra qual-

ity, at 30c. cut from 50c.

60 pieces bleached and cream damask at 47c.

reduced from 65c.

Special lot bleached, cream and oil red da-

mask at 62c. cut from 85c.

TOWELS.

500 Damask Samples, all more or less folded, are to be closed at half price.

All linen huck towel 20x32 inches at 17c. worth 25c.

200 dozen damask towels, colored woven border, worth 35c. at 22c.

500 dozen linen checked napkins at 23c. dozen.

Folded line of bookfold napkins and fringed doyles at rock bottom prices.

J. M. HIGH & CO.,
THE REGULATORS AND CONTROLLERS OF LOW PRICES.

CLOTHING.

JAS. A. ANDERSON & CO



The Bottom Reached

FOR 30 DAYS

We will sell our entire stock of Summer Clothing for Men, Boys and Children

AT COST !

We are compelled to make room for our immense Winter Stock which we are having made.

LOOK AND BE CONVINCED

41 Whitehall Street.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

Sam'l W. Goode, Robt. A. Wilson, Albert L. Beck

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO

Real Estate OFFERS.

\$2,750 for Jones st. 5 r cottage, one door from Cooper st., renting at \$25 per month.

\$2,000 for neat, new 5 r cottage, near W. Peachtree, on very easy terms; corner lot.

\$1,800 for choice Spring st. lot, 50x100 feet, with east front.

\$1,150 for very central Spring st. lot, south of Church st., on easy terms.

7 lots, each 50x198 ft., on Park st., West End, between Lee and Ashby sts., for \$3,000.

READ THE FOLLOWING OFFER and you may say, "One is odd to 6 or 7, and 4 r cottages, all neatly plastered, painted, weather-boarded, blinds, wide halls, front and rear verandas, less than block from car line, in excellent neighborhood, all now rented to good white tenants; lot high and level, and whole rents for \$70 per month, and regularly pays 12 per cent on the price asked, \$7,250.

\$4,200 for 3 neat, new cottages, less than block from car line, renting for \$40 per month.

\$5,000 for 5 new 4 r cottages renting for \$42.50 per month.

PEACHTREE LOT, 75x165 ft., east front, south of Bleckley st., \$3,300.

PEACHTREE LOT, 141x360 ft., to Atwood st., with like 2 Peachtree lots 72x200 ft. each, \$2,200 each lot, good size, for only \$6,000 for the four lots, with east front on the car line, high, in front of Leonard, on easy terms.

7 lots 50x95 ft., each 250 ft. west of Peachtree car line; all high, shaded and choice, for \$3,800, on easy terms.

2 Stonewall lots, for \$1,000, in good neighborhood, on easy terms.

\$2,650 for neat, new 5 r West End cottage on lot 50x170 ft. to alley, back from Gordon st. car line, on easy terms.

\$1,000 for Pulliam st. lot, 51x110 ft., between Fu-ton and Richard sts.

36 acres near the Fulton electric line; long front on main road; shade, water, price cheap; place very choice.

\$4,000 for East Baker street residence, on lot 97x200.

JONES AVE. 11 r residence for \$900 cash and \$24 monthly; lot 50x131 feet.

\$6,000 for 71 acres, with 600 feet front on Air Line railroad; shaded; main front on Todd road, in full view of Ponca de Leon springs, and convenient to two car lines to city.

\$1,200 for a 4 r Fort street house; lot 50x100 ft.

THE CANDLER PLACE of 220 acres, at Decatur, Ga., 6 miles from center of Atlanta. Land comprising 10 r residence, servants' houses, beautiful gardens, orchards and vineyards, bold branch, good spring, fine timber—indeed, everything to make a suburban home attractive, and one steadily enhancing in value by its proximity to Decatur and Atlanta, and its accessibility. For sale on very liberal terms, as a whole or subdivided.

7 r and 3r West Harris street cottages, on lot 50x100 ft., high and choice; belgian p

limestone, brick walls, water, gas, good neighborho

d, rent well, and only \$3,750, for ten days.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE in good variety.

RENTING PROPERTY which pays well.

SAMUEL W. GOODE & CO.

No. 1 Marietta Street.

M. Rich & Bros. offer their 75 and 85

cents China Silks at 50

cents to close them before the season is over.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, HATS, ETC.

ANOTHER OVERTURNING! IN EMBROIDERIES, LACES, MEN'S AND BOY'S HATS — AND — SUMMER MILLINERY !

Our store presents a brilliant spectacle these days. Counters laden with Hats, Ribbons, Embroiderries, Flowers and Feathers. Eager throngs of customers crowding each counter and salesladies filled with the enthusiasm that the consciousness of LOW PRICES, QUICK SALES and a spirited business impart to them. Be assured, they enjoy giving good bargains as much as you do getting them.

Last Day of the Closing Sale Monday.

On Monday we shall offer 450 pieces of the very prettiest and cutest narrow Embroidery ever seen at 2c., 3c., 4c. and 5c. per yard. 5,000 bona fide remnants of Embroidery, all widths, in Mull, Swiss, P. K. and Hamburg from 4c. per remnant.

5c. will be the biggest item Monday. We shall detail eight ladies to that counter so that our customers will have no trouble to get waited on. Every lady to go away delighted.

Oriental Laces from 2 to 6 inches wide in ecru or white, just the thing for summer dress trimmings, fancy work, etc., at 4c. 9c. and 19c. per yard.

RUCHINGS. Just a few boxes left—not more than forty—in white, black and fancy. We had a big rush at this counter last week. The same price tomorrow, 9c. per yard.

ON MONDAY WE SHALL OFFER 450 PIECES OF THE VERY PRETTIEST AND CUTEST NARROW EMBROIDERY EVER SEEN AT 2C., 3C., 4C. AND 5C. PER YARD. 5,000 BONA FIDE REMNANTS OF EMBROIDERY, ALL WIDTHS, IN MULL, SWISS, P. K. AND HAMBURG FROM 4C. PER REMNANT.

5C. WILL BE THE BIGGEST ITEM MONDAY. WE SHALL DETAIL EIGHT LADIES TO THAT COUNTER SO THAT OUR CUSTOMERS WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE TO GET WAITED ON. EVERY LADY TO GO AWAY DELIGHTED.

ORIENTAL LACES FROM 2 TO 6 INCHES WIDE IN ECRU OR WHITE, JUST THE THING FOR SUMMER DRESS TRIMMINGS, FANCY WORK, ETC., AT 4C. 9C. AND 19C. PER YARD.

RUCHINGS. JUST A FEW BOXES LEFT—NOT MORE THAN FORTY—IN WHITE, BLACK AND FANCY. WE HAD A BIG RUSH AT THIS COUNTER LAST WEEK. THE SAME PRICE TOMORROW, 9C. PER YARD.

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TO MAKE MANLY MEN
OF THE STUDY BOYS OF THE SUNNY
SOUTH.

The Work to Which One Man Has Devoted His Life—A Visit to a School for Boys—The Military Feature and What It Means.

What would David Copperfield and the pupils of Mr. Squeers have thought of the boy's teacher and the boy's school, I saw yesterday.

The teacher was a man whom none would suspect of pedagogism in the old-fashioned acceptance of the term; the school was a large, bright home instead of a place where punishment and skimpy food were the chief elements of misery.

We were on our way to the Moreland Park Military academy, and Mr. Neel, the teacher to whom I refer, was telling me of his work, of his school, of his boys, and of how he loved to teach them.

"And you actually love to teach?" I asked.

"Indeed I do. It is because I am successful. I like to train boys, to see them grow into clear, intelligent lives. I have found that if boys are treated as gentlemen they seldom forfeit the right to such consideration. I never allow my teachers or myself to question the word of a scholar without absolute proof. When a boy comes to me and tells me that his word has been doubted by a teacher, I have the matter thoroughly investigated to see which one is right."

And this was

THE SECRET OF MR. NEEL'S SUCCESS.

I understood, now, all about one of my schoolmates who had received her ground-work of knowledge from him. She came to my home at fifteen and was decidedly the most thorough scholar and the best girl in school. She never told stories nor peeped in her book, nor did anything sly, and it used actually to seem a pleasure to her to recite the lessons she knew so well.

Often have I heard her quote Mr. Neel, always with tenderest affection and admiration. It seemed odd to hear a teacher spoken of as a sort of older and superior comrade, but I understood it fully, looking at and talking to the man beside me.

The dying sun was casting long, gold shafts of light over hill and field, as we neared the beautiful home out at Moreland Park. The house and academy are upon a lofty eminence giving a clear, fine view of the surrounding country. Mr. Neel's boyhood was spent on a large farm in Hancock county, and he says that in all those years he never failed to see the sun rise and set; "and," he added, "I believe that this has given strength and beauty to all my life since."

And so he has set the home for his boys on a high hill, giving them a background of clear sky and a floor of green, from which to step into the great busy market of men. They will carry these memories with them too, and often the thought of these days will return like an oasis in the desert of their hard, busy lives. There is a

PARADISE FOR BOYS,
a great roomy house surrounded by woods and field; a lake in the valley for fishing, swimming and boating; a gymnasium and splendid bath rooms; every modern convenience in the way of gas, steam heating, etc.

The academy is a magnificent building constructed with a view to perfect health and comfort. The recitation rooms are on the first floor; the second the vast hall for drilling, declaimations, etc.

The teachers are all of the best. Dr. J. G. Armstrong as teacher of English literature could not be excelled, and the lectures on Shakespeare delivered to his classes at Moreland Park are all worthy of publication in the best periodicals. Dr. Armstrong has a rare talent for teaching these branches, and he has made them very much beloved and admired by his scholars.

Major F. R. Hopkins, a West Point graduate, has charge of the military and mathematical training. Mr. Neel told me of the rare compliment which Major Hopkins's scholarship received at the hands of the authorities of Princeton college when that college conferred upon him the degree of A. M., this honor having resulted from the fact that his rare ability was shown while teaching in a school near that college.

Captain V. L. Allen, a most capable instructor, is professor of science and modern languages, and Mr. Neel has charge of the classics and a number of other branches, besides supervising every department.

I asked him about corporal punishment. "I do not believe," he said, in his rich, kindly voice, "in administering corporal punishment to pupils—that is, as a rule. I have found very few boys not amenable to milder discipline, and I believe that such boys would receive an

INJURY TO THEIR NATURES
with every whipping. On the other hand, I am not of the new moral suasion school that teaches a master or parent to get down on his knees and humbly persuade and solicit obedience. There must be a thorough understanding at first between myself and my pupils. I let them know from the start that I am to be obeyed and respected—that my will is strongest—and then there is no more trouble."

This school of Professor Neel's is the largest private educational enterprise in the south, and its success is remarkable when the number of the free schools is considered. From the first it has received the endorsement and patronage of the first families in the land. Mr. Neel has been teaching twenty years, having taught a smaller school before he built this institution.

He has been patronized by Governors Gordon and Colquitt and other distinguished men, both of our own and of sister states, and many are the compliments I have heard paid him. His system of training is endorsed and admired by all the people who have had occasion to investigate its merit, and the number of his boarding pupils has increased so that he has been

OBLIGED TO PROVIDE MORE DORMITORIES.
He is building near the house, which he now occupies and which accommodates the boys, a beautiful home for his family which they will occupy by the opening of the autumn session, leaving the large building entirely for the boys, and making the new home a place where they will all be free to come and spend pleasant evenings.

The school, as it name indicates, is a military academy. Like many others I had conceived the idea that this meant a school to train soldiers—a sort of training school for West Point, or something of the sort—and as we stood on the beautiful campus I asked why he had the military feature.

"There seems to be a more or less general misunderstanding on that point," was Mr. Neel's answer. "Far be it from me to wish to make fighting soldiers of my boys. I introduce the military for exercise, for the good health it brings, and especially for the discipline.

Some years ago, at a teachers' convention, the subject of physical training was brought up, and it was determined that boys should not exercise than study anyway, and the schools therefore did no good. I investigated the subject, and from observation I found that two-thirds of the boys, when at leisure, loafed or whistled, and the others did not take

THE KIND OF EXERCISE
that would be of service to them required a military training in my academy, and I have found it answered my purpose perfectly. Then it makes courteous, graceful gentlemen of bashful, awkward boys. It teaches them how to be well-mannered and pleasant with their fellows, and they carry these good manners through life."

To this school boys have been sent from north, south and west. The delightful winter climate of Atlanta and the military training

makes it a most desirable school for northern boys suffering from any inherited or acquired pulmonary trouble. Here the mildness of the winter enables them to take the air and exercise so necessary for their weak lungs. It is good for these boys, but it is especially good for the boys of Georgia, and will, I think, commend itself to any father or mother who investigates it. It is essentially a home school—a school where the refinements of home are combined with the strict discipline which is to be found every possible advantage in a healthy location, where the teaching is on a broad and liberating plan, and where the aim of principal and instructors is to make of boys of Georgia manly men.

Georgia should be proud of Moreland Park. And so should Atlanta.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

A TERRIBLE TRIP.

"I can't do it, indeed I can't, the sight of those cars brings it all back to me and it will move me crazy."

The speaker was a haggard, wretched looking man standing at the entrance of the Kimball house. He was supported on each side by friends who were trying to lead him toward the depot, but the sight of the tracks and cars effected him so strangely that they were obliged to tie a handkerchief over his eyes before he could be induced to take a step in the desired direction. Even then though blinded by the bandage and held by strong arms he trembled so violently that he could hardly step one foot before the other.

After watching this strange party for some time I followed them and determined when the invalid's inability to look on the moving trains. Finally the blindfolded man was seated in a car and left to the care of one of his leaders while the others returned to the Kimball house. Later in the day I saw one of the gentlemen who had taken part in the morning's scene sitting alone. I approached and asked for an explanation. At first he refused to give any, but finally he consented, and said: "One year ago my friend, Joe Marks, was one of the most perfect specimens of physical strength I ever saw. He was a railroad man, and, after filling pretty much every position in the road, he secured a position as express messenger. He was working for the Union Pacific road last summer when he ran from Omaha to Cheyenne. The stations there are far apart—so the messenger generally had a good deal of time to himself, and as a rule took some interesting novel along to make the time pass. Joe was given one of the new express cars, and he had it nicely fitted up. He had a writing desk on one side of the big door, above which hung a swinging lamp, on the other side was his safe, and near the middle of the car was his small stove."

"One night Joe's train was detained at Ogallala by a traveling circus. They had been playing in the town all day, and the two special car had to be attached to the train. Joe stood in the door of his car watching the proceedings. Finally, the bell rang, and just as the train began to move out, two of the circus men came rushing along the platform with a big chest on a truck. Seeing that they had no time to reach the truck, they took possession of the train and the men got it on board and sprang in after it just as the train gathered headway and left the little station. The men drew their chest to the end of the car nearest the engine, and then let them out and locked the door behind them. Joe sat at the chest he put in his car. He consented, although it was against the rules, and the men got it on board and sprang in after it just as the train gathered headway and left the little station. 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A Strange Romance.

How the Gay Deceiver Became the Victim of Deception.

A TRUE STORY.

I have found out that the gay deceiver is often deceived against his deceiving.

Talk to me about trying to fool women folks!

They're no fools, if they do have fits.

I tried that little game once, and since then have forever held my peace.

Before I was married I was pretty reckless, and occasionally I failed to heed the scriptural admonition to look not upon the wine when it is red or the jug when it is brown.

But after I took unto myself a wife I made a desperate attempt to reform. I got so sober that I could hardly walk.

Naturally of a remorseful and repentant turn, I became dejected, and in the space of a few months I crowded more solid contention than most men ever evince in a whole life time.

I wore my hair long and likewise my debts. I repented of sins that I was incapable of committing.

I was so true and honest in my behavior toward my wife that she grew suspicious.

There is such a thing as overdoing the upright integrity and irreproachable deportment racket, and the average woman is born and bred with the idea of innate perversity of her fellow man.

My wife almost got to the point where she believed that I was a man of great depth of character—deep in devilment, with sun spots as big as a barrel head all over my character.

I began to perceive that I was making a mistake.

In my efforts to convince her that I was deeply interested in helping to save the world, I had succeeded in arousing a suspicion that I was doing my share of the pushing on the wrong side of the log.

Then came the reaction.

It came suddenly and without warning. Dear good woman! when I look back over our married life and remember how considerate she has been toward me; how she has removed the small change from my pockets while I slept, as a measure of political economy; how she never would jump on to me when I was jolly, but would wait until I was trying to sober up to tell me how wicked I had been; ah, me, when I remember all these little delicate attentions I feel like going off in search of a snake with which to bite myself.

Even now, when age and hard living have robbed me of all those personal charms that made me so fascinating in my younger days, that good woman is faithful still. I know that she is no longer allured by that fatal gift of beauty that formerly characterized my outward countenance, but that it is simply the outcropping of her charity that sticks out like the warts on a Mother Hubbard squash, which causes her to come in about eight o'clock in the morning, after I have spent the night in intellectual dissipation, and punch me in the side to see if I can dead.

I would not extol the goodness of my better half. Oh, no. I am well aware that every fellow you meet will swear that he has the best woman in the world for a wife, and any one of them is secretly conscious that he has lied, and is inwardly cursing himself because he was compelled to lie about the matter.

But she has done one thing. She has made me lead a much nobler life than I should otherwise have done, for she has kept back the horde of women who would have won my youthful affections and led me along toward the dinging bow wows.

Therefore, you will excuse my apparent boastfulness, when I say, bully for her!

The way I learned not to try to deceive women folks was through an experiment that I practiced on her.

I had drunk nothing in so long that she thought that I had forgotten the taste of it, and really I had very nearly.

But one Saturday evening some fellow that wanted a puff, proposed to set 'em up, and we took a milk punch. He said that was a very mild form, and I treated him.

That fellow stuck to me until I promised him a double leaded half column, first column editorial page notice of his project, and when I started home my shadow had got between me and the light.

I managed to hit the open gate without striking either post, and instead of going in through the front door I turned to the side entrance that led to the dining room.

There was no light in there, but the rays from a lamp in my wife's room, adjoining, lit up dimly.

I had often heard how drinking men act silly and see things double by looking through their nose.

I was determined, in the first place, that I was not drunk.

In the second place, if I was drunk I wasn't going to show it.

As I walked up the steps I counted them to be sure when I got to the last one, and not go tramping right into the room, stepping high as a blind horse, like I didn't know I had got up the steps.

I was so cunning. And so sly.

Supper was on the table. My wife had put the children to bed and was busy in her room when I entered. I could hear her humming some little plaintive melody that ran—

"Huuh, hub, hub;
Huuh, hub, hub, huuh."

A pang of remorse chased itself up and down my back like a kitten playing with its tail, but I winced and muttered to myself:

"Brace up, old boy!"

I took the second step inside the door and "Squeak!"

I stooped down and picked up a rubber doll that had been left on the floor by the baby.

If I wanted to find the most effective burglar alarm on earth I would strike a combination rubber doll and rocking chair.

As I stooped my hat fell off, and as I made a dive for it I struck a rocking chair, and, for the first time, I felt the full effects of the whisky.

Those milk punches were evidently made with goat's milk.

"Wait a minute, honey," called my wife, "and I'll fetch a light."

That pang of remorse crept up and down from my cerebrum to my heel strings.

"That's all right. Don't be'n no hurry, darlin'."

It was Blucher or night, with me, and possibly both. Napoleon had his Waterloo. I was rushing forward to my lockerloo.

I knew it was her night to have pancakes and molasses. I never did like pancakes, but that night I felt that I owed it to my wife to eat of the pancakes as a compliment to her. In other words, to see wood and say nothing.

As I sat down to the table I jerked off my hat and hung it on the nearest projection.

Unconsciously, in the confusion of the moment, I laid the rubber doll in my plate.

"Can you see in there, honey?" she called, "if you can, just go ahead. I'm coming in a minute."

"'Sall right. I c'n see splendid. Don't be'n no hurry, shoo."

I struck out wildly with my fork and harpooned the baby's bib that the dear little tot had laid aside when it became too sleepy to sit up, but such was my haste to get to eating before she came in that I did not notice my mistake. Then I reached for the molasses pitcher and poured about half the contents into my plate.

Ha! I was fixed now. I had got myself in

position, and was thinking of something funny to tell my wife when she came in.

I heard her coming—
"Hub hub hub humph,
Hub hub hub hum—"

I jabbed my fork at the dark spot in my plate and fetched a rake with my knife—
"Squeak!"

I jumped half out of my chair. The perspiration broke out on my brow, but I nerves myself.

With caution and deliberation I made ready for a second whack.

She was coming now, and I could see the shadows moving around.

Now or never—
"Squeak! Squeak!"

Something popped out of my plate and rolled onto the table.

Springing to my feet I yelled:

"Here come take this out 'n kill it.
I ain't eatin' no live things. That's why you treat—"

Then I heard her squall, and looking around I beheld her leaning against the door frame, laughing if her heart would break.

A hasty glance at the table told the story. There hung my hat on the crucifix stand with one edge of the brim dangling in the gray bowl.

There sat my plate with the bib and the molas—
—ses and—

There lay that confounded rubber doll, flat of its back and wallowed in molasses.

I was sober now, and as my heart began to down again and my teeth ceased dancing the cancan, I said:

"Shoo, I ain't never going to do no more, and if you won't tell the boys I'll—I'll—I'll buy you about half a dozen ducks."

And then I resolved that the next time I drank goat's milk punches, I'd stay with the Billy goats.

MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

MRS. BROWN NOT A WIDOW.

Her Supposed Dead Husband Turns Up as an Insane Tramp.

WICHITA, Kan., July 25.—E. T. Brown, who was supposed to have been murdered on January 19, at which time he mysteriously disappeared, returned to his home tonight in a demented condition. At dark Mrs. Brown saw, as she thought, a tramp entering her back yard. The man was so wild that she hardly able to stand up, and looked about in a dazed sort of way. She asked him what he wanted, and after studying her features for a few moments he rubbed his hand across his forehead and said, "I'm a Mexican."

He was being sung to the time of a word-a-minute as we entered and eagerly looked for a pew in the row of fashion. Unsuccessful, we wended our way, with difficulty, to the deacon's corner, where we were safely ensconced after having made an apology as long as you can recollect for unwittingly touching the pet corn of a choleric old gentleman in calico pants.

The hymn that followed the opening prayer was being sung to the time of a word-a-minute as we entered and eagerly looked for a pew in the row of fashion. Unsuccessful, we wended our way, with difficulty, to the deacon's corner, where we were safely ensconced after having made an apology as long as you can recollect for unwittingly touching the pet corn of a choleric old gentleman in calico pants.

As all things are destined to end, the hymn was finished.

Then a venerable old man with alpaca coat and sleek velvet trousers which had defied the violence of a thousand storms, advanced to a stand which had the appearance of an old-fashioned rabbit-trap placed on a pedestal and mounted on wheels.

The parson was neither vest, cravat nor collar, but the fie of his eyes, the curl of his lip, his receding, panther-like forehead, his grizzled beard and set mouth, betokened an earnestness which challenged respect.

Announcing his text from the fifteenth chapter of Isaiah, he commenced his sermon with the evident intention of exhausting every theme of the Bible, not contained in the passage read.

Beginning with a voice as low and measured as the beach-beating waves, his tone grew louder and still louder, until the thunders of Sinai would have seemed like the faint echoes of a small, weak voice. He was a son of the Devil, he said, who had received in exchange for his soul the wages of sin. He was a son of the Devil, he said, who had received in exchange for his soul the wages of sin. He was a son of the Devil, he said, who had received in exchange for his soul the wages of sin.

He then proved that the plan of redemption includes a favored few, while the countless many are forbidden to complain of being doomed to pass eternally in a brimstone lake in accordance with a scheme preconcerted before the morning stars sang together. He declared that education increases crime, that free speech indicates morality, that refinement tends to vice, that it is more important to wash each other's feet than to give bread to the starving.

He contended that millions who spend their three score years and ten seeking an entrance to Heaven's gate, will be at last compelled to "Give up their gins, to weep and wail,

to mourn and groan."

While damn'd devils war and yell,
Chained up in hell."

While a few moth-eaten, conscienceless souls, will be washed, against their will, in the blood of the Lamb, dragged, as it were, by a self-acting scum from the lair of infamy, many others, as poor as "flea-brown roses," dipped in new wine, attested to the right hand of the immaculate Savior to back forever in the glory of His presence.

With the voices of a hundred muskets and the monotony of as many saw mills, that stoneman voiced placed its emphatic regular intervals, without regard to sense, sound or consequence, a Chicago on fire, with none of its sublimity, and added to this was the most violent action ever seen outside of an amphitheater. Had this pale-cheeked martyr to antiquated opinion been fighting tigers in an African jungle, he could not have moved his arms more energetically.

With the thrown back, knee slightly bent, left hand on his hip and right hand swinging like a broken-hinged gate, towards the four winds, he seemed a perfect picture of thunder-bolt Jove after a quarrel with a self-willed Juno.

With the yell of rain like rain during the night, with the roar of seethe waves as high as the sun finds as twice before the forty days were ended, his eyes dilated, his chest heaved, great drops of sweat ran down his head like July mola-ses over the sides of a well filled jug.

As the fury of his zeal seemed endless, the men, who were desirous to see more of him, and who had been reduced to a skeleton, faintly weighing 140 pounds, and now apparently not more than eighty. Whiskers about three inches long cover his face, which was formerly smooth, and his hair is four or five inches long. His skin is hardened and is something like that of a plain man. His back and arms are covered with blisters. He had on the same clothes he wore at the time of his disappearance. His shoes are worn to the uppers and his clothes are in rags.

He is now in a comatos state and has said nothing since recognized by his wife. The doctor says physically he thinks he will recover, but is uncertain about his mental trouble.

He is a tramp, a vagabond, a man of the world, and with great difficulty made his way home.

Brown was born in Baltimore, graduated at Lexington, Ky., and was director of the Fourth National bank here. He is thirty-seven years old and come of a good family.

He was a member of the Knights of Columbus.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

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Showing the arrival and departure of all trains from this city—Central Time.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA.	
Jacksonville, Albany, Savannah and Macon	7:00 am
No. 14, accommodation	7:00 am
from Griffin	8:00 am
No. 14, through from	8:00 am
Griffin	9:25 am
No. 11, from Macon	9:30 am
Jacksonville, 12:15 pm	1:00 pm
No. 19, accommodation	10:00 am
from Hapeville	10:30 am
No. 1, through express	10:30 am
from Savannah	11:00 am
Macon, 4:30 pm	5:00 pm
No. 18, from Jacksonville	5:00 pm
Albany and Macon	5:45 pm
No. 1, through express	5:45 pm
from Hapeville	6:00 pm
EAST TENN., VA & GA R.Y.	
No. 14, from Savannah	6:00 pm
Brunswick and Jack- sonville	10:55 pm
No. 1, from New York	11:00 pm
Knoxville, Nashville and Cincinnati	1:00 pm
No. 11, from Cincinnati	1:00 pm
Nashville and Atlanta	2:45 pm
No. 12, from Savannah	2:45 pm
Brussels and Jackson- ville	3:45 pm
No. 1, through express	3:45 pm
from Atlanta	4:00 pm
No. 18, from Jacksonville	4:00 pm
Albany and Macon	4:45 pm
No. 1, through express	4:45 pm
from Hapeville	5:15 pm
WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.	
From Chat'gat ^h	6:32 am To Chat'gat ^h 7:00 am
From Marietta ^h	8:35 am To Marietta ^h 11:00 am
From Atlanta ^h	8:35 am To Atlanta ^h 11:00 am
From Chat'gat ^h	1:15 pm To Rome ^h 3:45 pm
From Marietta ^h	2:58 pm To Marietta ^h 4:40 pm
From Chat'gat ^h	6:37 pm To Chat'gat ^h 7:00 pm
From Chat'gat ^h	12:15 pm To Chat'gat ^h 11:15 pm
ATLANTA AND EAST POINT RAILROAD.	
From Fort Valley	6:50 am To Selma ^h 1:25 pm
From West Point	10:30 am To West Point ^h 1:25 pm
From Selma ^h	5:50 pm To Montgomery ^h 11:30 pm
GEORGIA RAILROAD.	
From Augusta ^h	6:30 am To Augusta ^h 8:00 am
From Covin ^h	7:55 am To Covin ^h 9:00 am
From Decatur ^h	10:15 am To Decatur ^h 11:00 am
From Covin ^h	1:15 pm To Augusta ^h 2:45 pm
From Clark's ^h	2:50 pm To Decatur ^h 3:45 pm
From Augusta ^h	5:45 pm To Covington ^h 6:20 pm
From Decatur ^h	4:45 pm To Covington ^h 11:15 pm
FIREMONGERS ALA. LTD.	
From Birmingham	7:00 am To Birmingham ^h 10:00 am
From Lula ^h	7:50 am To Lula ^h 10:00 am
From Clark's ^h	4:00 pm To Clark's ^h 6:00 pm
From Greenville ^h	6:18 am To Greenville ^h 8:55 am
From Taliboo ^h	8:33 am To Taliboo ^h 10:00 am
From Birmingham ^h	1:25 pm To Birmingham ^h 3:50 pm
From Birmingham ^h	5:25 pm To Taliboo ^h 5:50 pm
From Selma ^h	5:50 pm To Mong ^h 11:30 pm
ATLANTA AND FLORIDA RAILROAD.	
From Fort Valley	To Fort Valley
12:20 am and 10:35 pm	3:00 pm and 7:00 am
DAILY.—Sunday only. All other trains daily except Sunday. Central time.	

Finance and Commerce.

Bonds, Stocks and Money.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE.

ATLANTA, July 27, 1889.

New York exchange buying at par and selling at 1/4 per cent.

STATE AND NATIONAL BANKS.

Bankers, Bldg. 100 Asked.

New York, 1/4% Bldg. Asked.

RAILROAD BONDS.

Ga. 78, gold...101%

Ga. 78, 100%...101%

"CASH. CASH. CASH."**THE LIFE OF A SALESMAN IN A BIG DRYGOODS STORE.**

Every Man Must Be Familiar With the Goods in His Department—Twelve Hours a Day—Customers Who Come Early, and Those Who Come Late—Friday is the Same in Every Walk of Life.

"Cash! Cash! Cash!"

The night hawk stood by a drygoods counter at Ryan's at an early hour—that is, early for the night hawk.

"Cash! Cash! Cash!"

Up at the cashier's rostrum in the extreme rear of the big building a young man was working for dear life wrapping up and checking off bundles, making change and seeing that all was done up in shipshape order for the customers who thronged the store.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and as the last bundle of ginghams was handed to the business-like lady who was waiting, a cloud of witnesses, in the shape of bewitching damsels enveloped in laces and lace, swooped down upon the ushers, and the night hawk stood aside and gave up a quiet half hour to diligent observation.

THE LIFE OF A SALESMAN.

"Pretty busy life, eh?"
"You bet it is. Twelve solid hours of work, with one hour for dinner," answered the salesman, who stood by the domestic counter, which was, for a few minutes, deserted.

"Who are your early purchasers?"

"During the heated term we have a great many of the boors who come early or late \$2 as to avoid the heat. But as a rule, the year round, we have in the early morning hours, customers bent on business. They come to buy, have made up their minds before they come, and there is little trouble in selling to them. They ask the price, and if it suits them, we have only to measure the goods."

"Who come next?"

"About ten o'clock come the regular shoppers. Sometimes they want to buy, sometimes they don't. Often they look all around and go out without making a single purchase. These are the folks with plenty of time and plenty of money, and theirs is a go-as-you-please business. They remain out until about one o'clock, then they go home and take a nap, and by four and a half they are back again and remain with us until the electric lights flash out and signal the closing hour."

"When do you begin work?"

"At seven o'clock in the morning, and we remain until six or seven at night. When we are not busy selling goods we are straightening them up and putting in order the tumbled and rumpled remains of my lady's investigation. Sometimes we do this in the morning early, sometimes late in the afternoon. Occasionally we have a lull in the trade about the dinner hour, then we go to setting things to rights."

THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

"What becomes of the fragments?"

"In front of each counter there is a remnant counter. On these are tossed the remnants after the day's sales. If a customer prefers a remnant, all the salesman has to do is to step over there and show it."

"What are considered remnants?"

"In piece goods, the end of a piece in which there are not enough yards to make a dress pattern; in laces and things of that sort, all the odds and ends; in shirts, odds sizes, from broken packages; in shoes, odd sizes, and so on all the way through."

"Do you lose on remnants?"

"No, we get about the original cost. All we lose is the cost of selling. You see the bargain hunters haunt these counters. Sometimes they do not really need a thing, but they see there is a bargain in it, and they secure it while they can get it cheap."

"When do they come?"

"First thing Mondays, after reading the Sunday's advertisements. Mondays and Saturdays are the big days. Monday the bargain hunters and shoppers generally make a rush. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday there is a regular, fashionable trade; Saturday, out of town folks and mechanics and laboring people."

"How about Friday?"

THE UNLUCKY DAY.
"Friday, well, there is something wrong about Friday, anyway. It is forever the dull day of the week. No matter what the inducement, in every season of the year I can run my finger across the book and before looking at the date I can pick out Friday's sales of every week."

"The jaybirds all go to—"

"Yes, the jaybirds and all the balance of them go somewhere's else on that day. There's something the matter with Friday."

"Don't they jump on to you about your advertisements?"

"No, they can't do that. Those advertisements are as carefully written as the finest magazine story you ever read, and every Monday morning we send up and get a dozen CONSTITUTIONS. We clip out the advertisements and post them at convenient intervals all over the store. A customer comes in and wants something that appeared in the advertisement, and all we have to do is point to where it is posted."

"Who are your easiest customers?"

"Men folks. They come in and ask for what they want. If we haven't got it we show them the thing nearest like it that we have, but they almost always reply that they don't want it. If we have the goods they buy what they ask for, say no more about it, and go on about their business."

"How are the negroes?"

"They are easy. They never ask for a sample. They price the goods, and if they are bona fide purchasers, they select what they want with little trouble. Occasionally one will price a piece of goods, look at it a moment, then turn and walk along down the counter pricing it rapidly in a dashing way. They think it is so dashing, however, that they have no hope of purchasing when they came in. We will average making a sale to twenty-four out of every twenty-five negroes who come in the store."

HOW THE SALESMEN LEARN.

"How are clerks educated?"
"With a check book, entries the store he is put to strengthen his mind. He is not put behind the counter until he knows the kinds and prices of the goods, and he must have both at his tongue's end."

"How about promotion?"

"A man is never promoted to a head of department until he has been in the store at least a year. They are promoted according to ability and experience. There is the floor walker, for instance. He is and must be a man who is thoroughly familiar with all the details of the business. At the door are the ushers who show the customers in, and then the customer meets the floor walker, shows a sample, or two, we have a particular line of goods. He must be able to tell at a breath, and to direct the customer to the proper place to see the goods."

"Who is your busy man?"

"We are clerks educated?"
From the New York World.

GREENFIELD, MASS., July 21.—Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," and patron saint of Boston's new-fangled idea, Nationalism was accorded a hearty reception at the Deering School last night. He spoke of trusts and a PROSPEROUS CONCERN.

"Eventually and at no very remote period," he said, "society must be divided into a few hundred millionaires, mostly professional class dependent upon their fate, but existing from equality with them, and underneath a vast population of workmen and women absolutely without hope of bettering their condition, and who would year by year sink more hopelessly into serfdom. If the nation does not wish to turn over its industries, and that means its liberties, as well, to an industrial oligarch, there is but one alternative. It must assume them itself. Within ten years the people of the United States will have virtually decided their choice, plutocracy or nationalism."

"The cash boy will take up from \$2 to \$5 sales, and a salesman will average about \$100 in sales per day the year around. These sales run from five cents to twenty-five or thirty dollars. Exceptional cases where the sale runs up gives the clerk some times a day of over a hundred dollars in sales. One cash boy will wait on three or four salesmen."

"Who sees after the goods sold or left un-

sold?"

"The heads of departments. Each head man has his department, and it is his duty to see that the goods are kept in shape and looking new. In case the department gets out of an article the salesman reports to his chief who sees that the deficiency is supplied at once. Everything is checked off regularly and the head of the department is responsible for everything missing from the stock in his department that cannot be accounted for."

SALARIES.

"Dry goods employees are paid according to what they are able to earn. Cash boys make from eight to fifteen dollars a month. Salesmen run all the way from one hundred and fifty dollars a month, according to their capacity and experience. It is all business in a dry goods store. There is no room for anything else."

"What is that?"

"Sometimes a customer will get stuck on a particular salesman, and that customer will call for that same salesman every time. No matter if the salesman be less sprightly and alert than the rest, once he ever gets a customer attached to him, he is safe in selling something every time his patron comes in this section."

"You have to be polite."

"Comelled to be. And we have to put up with a great deal. Sometimes a lady will come in, angry about something else, and no matter how polite the clerk may be, she sees that she will never trade with him any more. He mustn't say a word though—he, cash! cash! cash!"

The night hawk turned and walked out, a wiser and a sadder man. M. F. M.

IS HE THE OLDEST LIVING MAN?

Nagy Ferencz, a Hungarian Peasant, Who Was Born 121 Years Ago.

The oldest man in the civilized world, it may be said with reasonable safety, is Nagy Ferencz, a peasant in Barcs, Hungary. He was born in Hedraley 121 years ago next September. He passed his boyhood on the little farm of his parents. He was not an especially robust child. He could not haul and split wood, pitch hay, and tame colts as could his three strapping brothers, who died half a century ago. His father regarded him with disfavor because he was too weak to do more than a peasant woman's work, and did not earn enough to pay for his food. At the age of nineteen, however, Nagy suddenly developed into a phenomenally muscular man. His chest widened, his arms and legs hardened, and his girth increased. He became a famous wrestler, and did more work a day than most peasants admitted unless accompanied by a lady.

The same rules obtain at Burch's pond which has been a popular swimming pond for men and boys for many years, but not until this summer was the idea of having "ladies' days" ever dreamed of. This summer, however, the pond has been fitted up with ladies dressing rooms and every convenience to be had at the seashore, and the ladies' days are the most popular of the week. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings ladies have decked out in their natty little suits of flannel and braid, and splashed or swimming around all day.

The ladies who cannot go to the seashore have sensibly determined that there is no more reason why they should not enjoy the pleasures of a swim than their more fortunate friends who enter the surf, and accordingly they have gotten out their bathing suits and are having a good time at home.

HOW THE FUNDS ARE CONDUCTED.

In the city a natatorium has been fitted up by a stock company and it is open constantly for anybody who wishes to take a plunge. Single baths in which towels, and all needed paraphernalia are provided by the company can be had for twenty-five cents, six for a dollar. Certain days in each week are known as "ladies' days," and on these no gentleman is admitted unless accompanied by a lady.

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THE LADIES SWIM AND DIVE.

Some of the young ladies swim well already, and many others are learning. They go in with their brothers or somebody else's brother, and, though there is a good deal of laughter and aimless splashing, some go in to learn how to swim and are quite faithful and honest in their efforts. The water is warm and the water becomes so much at home in the water that they dive from the springboard. I cannot say that it is altogether a graceful performance, or that it is a very skillful exhibition of diving, but it at least shows a considerable amount of confidence on the part of the young lady, and is not without its attractions to the looks-on.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WATCH REPAIRING!

A LARGE FORCE OF SKILLED WORKMEN and all modern machinery gives us superior facilities in this line. Send watches for repairs by express or our express.

FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW,

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Atlanta, Ga. Office 524 Whitehall St.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

We do not claim to furnish the cheapest material, but we can furnish the best material in any particular. There is nothing cheap about us. We make the best that this or any other market affords and sell it only at the best prices. Silks, Internals and Externals, with every kind of work, are our specialties. We keep also a first class stock of Hardwood Lumber of all kinds.

GEORGE S. MAY & CO.,

141 West Mitchell Street.

1st col \$p

DON'T DELAY!

YOUR EYES ARE GROWING
WORSE EVERY DAY.YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME NEW
GLASSES.

YOU SHOULD HAVE THE BEST!

WE KEEP THAT KIND.

There are no better made than ours. Come
in once and see how much we can help your
eyes.

JULIUS R. WATTS & CO.,

Jewelers and Opticians,

57 Whitehall St.

E. A. MASSA,
MANUFACTURER OF
CONDIMENTES,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS,

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

FRENCH MUSTARD, HORSE RADISH,

TOMATO CATSUP, SALAD DRESSINGS

DEALER AND PACKER OF

Olives, Olive Oil, Capers, &c., &c.

No. 5 N. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

G. W. ADAIR,
Real Estate.

I have for sale a nice 6 room brick cottage with gas, water and bath room, built from new cap-

ital. A splendid 7 room cottage with water, gas, etc., close in on Wheat street.

An elegant brick residence on Luckie st., near in-
terior. West side, streets clean, schools, churches,

brick sidewalks, paved streets and cheap taxes.

Vacant and improved property near E. T. V. and

Gardens. Shop on Peachtree Street.

6 beautiful lots east on Marietta st., near Hartman's

play factory.

If you want to buy or sell come in and talk with

me. I will give you prompt and careful attention, bring it into my office where every-
thing is attended to "jam up."I have my rent de-
partment well regulated and systematized and give
especial attention to that department.

G. W. ADAIR, 6 Knobball house,

Wall street.

Sp

Felt, Cement & Gravel Roofing

ARTIFICIAL STONE PAVEMENTS

For Sidewalks, Cellar, Stable and Brewery Floors

COAL TAR CONCRETE

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TWO and THREE-PLY READY ROOFING.

Tin Roofs Repaired and Painted.

WATER PROOF BUILDING PAPERS

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PORTLAND CEMENT FOR SALE.

S. L. FOSTER & CO.:
10 South Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

HUTCHISON & BRO.

PHARMACISTS.

14 Whitehall Street,

Keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of

every kind of goods, including a full line of brushes, cloth, buttons, nail, leather,

tooth brushes, combs, soaps, extracts and other articles too numerous to mention. We invite a care-

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S. S. S. large size.....\$1.00

Allcock's Porous Plaster, genuine.....10

Dentalcalve.....40

Crown Tooth Wash.....40

Hop Balsam.....40

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Bradycoats.....40

Lublin's Extracts.....65

Lemon Elixir.....40

Warner's Safe Cure.....85

Luxomini.....75

Magnolia Balm.....50

Hooch's Farmalita.....50

Howard's Acid Phosphate.....40

We buy all goods for cash and give our customers

a corresponding benefit. We deliver goods within

the city. Remember the place.

HUTCHISON & BRO.

No. 14 Whitehall Street.

The finest handkerchief extract on the market is

June Roses 75 cents a bottle. Sold by

HUTCHISON & BRO.

nmr No. 14 Whitehall Street.

CARBOLINEUM!

AVENARIUS

WOOD AND STONE

PRESERVER!

Preserves any kind of wood, above or under

ground or water. Prevents moisture from

penetrating into brick and stone walls.

Send for circulars, testimonials, etc., to

A. P. TRIPOL, Agent

45 Decatur Street,

ATLANTA, - - GA.

Safe Deposit Vaults.

THE SAFE DEPARTMENT OF THE GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK is now complete. The public and executive parties will call upon them. Charge for boxes is from \$5 to \$20 per annum, according to size. Storage on boxes containing gold or silver, \$1 per cubic foot. It will repay you to inspect these vaults soon. You should not wish to rent a box. The officials of the bank will take great pleasure in showing you through.

L. J. HILL, President

July 2-320

AMONG THE DANES.

MISS AURELIA ROACH WRITES FROM
NORTHERN EUROPE.Strange Scenes in Strange Lands—Up the
Elbe—A Day in Hamburg—The Sights in
Copenhagen.

Special Correspondence The Constitution.

HOTEL KING OF DENMARK, Copenhagen, July 7.—When I first looked out of my port-hole on the morning of July 2, I knew we were in the Elbe. Pretty, red-tiled cottages were passed in quick succession. From the vast number I gathered that each villa owned a separate windmill. These are much different from the modern American affair, and though clumsy and awkward add a certain charm to the scene. About 9 o'clock we were transferred to the river steamer and went rapidly toward Hamburg. I was asked to go forward to watch the ever changing scene and beautiful panorama. We were rejoiced by the appearance of some real castles.

The Elbe boast of this picturesque admira-

ment as well as the Rhine. We lunched on

the steamer. After much trouble, long waiting (an excellent lesson in patience), we were served with sandwiches, lemonade and omelette. We were rather prejudiced against the omelette, which was heavily coated with sugar. Upon trying it, found it eminently satisfactory. After we reached Hamburg we were driven immediately to the customhouse. Mr. —, with his usual foresight, secured the best outside seats on the bus for us. Here we stationed ourselves and had an excellent view of the city. We stopped at the custom house where our bags were casually examined. Mr. Barrett remained and waited for the trunk examination. One thing that struck me was the uniformity of the condition of the people—every one seems to have this means of proclaiming his occupation. The soldier, the cab-man, butcher, baker and candle-stick-maker, all seem to be uniformed. Carts drawn by dogs and assisted by the owners, were quite a novel sight. Then the flower-girls with broad brimmed hats, tied behind with flaps like a wind-mill and the market women, with basket pendant from yokes worn over the shoulders, all were new experiences. The situation of Hotel del'Europe is magnificent. It fronts the beautiful Alster basin which is supplied by the canals. Here numerous little steam, row and sail boats are constantly plying. A walk was proposed when we reached the hotel. Nothing aversive to touching terra firma, I accepted. We had not walked far, however, before it began to rain and we were forced to beat a retreat. Later on I went shopping. Returning to the hotel a friend suggested that I try an oar on the Alster basin. The row was delightful so it was not a vain-vane quart d'house we spent. At table d'hôte we were stared at by some Britishers. I remarked to my neighbor that one of the girls evidently found something attractive about him. He replied: "You're mistaken; she is looking at Blane putting his knife in his mouth." Dinner over we again went rowing. One of the young ladies assisted in the rowing, one steered, while they left it to me to feed the swans. Some philanthropist, who could forget suffering humanity, left a legacy for the maintenance of the swans on Alster Basin. They are quite tame and ate from my hand. After a row down stream we passed through the locks and went by canal through the business portion of the town. Our row was followed by a visit to the exposition. We also went to the Austellung; here we spent several hours. The twilight is exceedingly long; it was not dark when we left the grounds after ten o'clock.

The booths around the grounds were beauti-

fully and tastefully arranged. The switch-

back and electric lights were there. We heard fine music, bought bon-bons, beer and coffee, visited the different buildings and walked over the grounds. We next went to the mu-

seum of antiquities, art galleries, and cathedrals.

I will not bore you with details. Suffice it to say, I enjoyed most seeing a Messen-

tainer, Millais, and the world renowned "Judith" by Guido Reni.

On the fourth I went to breakfast early, and

was presented with an American flag by the

only truly enthusiastic member of our party.

At 9 we left the hotel, and were driven to the

station, where we took the boat for Lubec.

This is a picturesque, quaint old

place, and is one of the three free towns of

Denmark.

A splendid 7 room cottage with water, gas, etc., close in on Wheat street.

An elegant brick residence on Luckie st., near in-

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HUTCHISON & BRO.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS
20 PAGES.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

20 PAGES
9 to 20

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING JULY 28, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DRY GOODS.

KEELY COMPANY'S CLEARANCE SALES CONTINUED!

Reductions which really Reduce. One more Week of Bona Fide Cut Price Sale. All Summer Goods,

ALL REMNANTS, ALL ODDS AND ENDS
TO GO IN THIS FINAL SALE.

Fine Printed
Lawns 2½c. Perfect
goods not
remnants.

French Ba-
tiste 7½c.
Full yard wide.

Swiss Embroi- Fine India Linen
dery, 45 inches 40 inch wide 7½c
wide \$1.10, re- would be a bar-
duced from \$2.50 gain at 12½c.

EVERY ITEM A BARGAIN! EVERY DAY A BARGAIN DAY.

All Goods go as Advertised! None Reserved.

IT WILL BE THE
UNVARYING RULE
—OF—

KEELY COMPANY

To carry over no goods from one season to another. This is to protect our customers, for we wish to have them feel that they are always getting from us.

Fresh and Reliable Goods.

With this determination in view we shut our eyes to values and bid farewell to profits.

Summer Fabrics

Are to be had at

Your Own Price.

The last week of the

EMBROIDERY CLEARANCE.

Skirtings go regardless of values. Mull Flouncings in 22 inch and 27 inch widths go at prices which

HAVE BEEN HALVED.

Finest \$1 qualities for 50c. Best \$1.25 values for 65c. Daintiest \$1.50 goods 75c.

SWISS FULL FLOUNCES

Have been sold out until we have but a few left. These are of the very high grades.

We Must Clear Them This Week

\$1.50

FOR CHOICE OF LOT.

Former prices \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75,

\$3. Hemstitched goods in same proportion:

\$2 value, \$1.25.

\$2.50 style, \$1.50.

\$3 quality, \$1.75.

WASH GOODS!

WHITE GOODS !

Wash fabrics are reaching the end.

First come Ginghams.

5¢ yard for choice of 112 pieces dress Ginghams.

7½c for fine Ginghams.

These were selling readily at 12½c, but we must make room for

FALL GOODS.

7½c for fine French Batistes. These are full 36 inches wide, and were imported to sell at 12½c.

7½c yard for choice of 200 pieces novelty Challies. These are choicest patterns and would be good value for 12½c.

SPECIAL.

Three cases best Pacific Lawns 7½c.

Beautiful qualities of India Suitings, Madras Plaids, colored India Linen Plaids, all go uniformly 7½c.

Every item in the Wash Goods department to go at closing figures this week at

\$2 value, \$1.25.

\$2.50 style, \$1.50.

\$3 quality, \$1.75.

DEPARTMENT
to be closed out at
40 Per Ct. Discount

To accommodate the rush in this great sale additional help has been detailed for this department.

Every effort will be made to wait upon you promptly.

KEELY COMPANY'S

KEELY COMPANY'S BONANZA SALES.

73c. Will buy
a fine WHITE
QUILT, for-
mer price \$1.

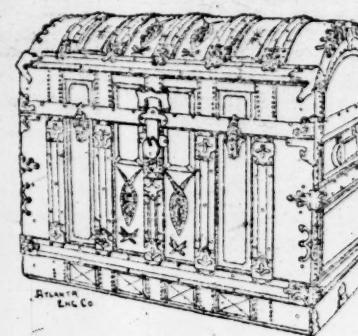
Remnants fine
India, 5c a yard,
Rich value for
10c a yard.

French Pat-
tern Challies
7½c. Prettiest
of the season
worth 12½c.

Gents Rein-
forced linen bos-
om Dress Shirts
33½c., cannot be
matched for less
than \$1.

TRUNKS.

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WEEK
Atlanta Trunk Factory
92 AND 94 WHITEHALL.



Our double hat box lined with silk, for merely \$7.50.
A large Zinc Saratoga at \$3.
Line or other covered, full size, \$4.50.
Line at \$6.50.
A FULL LINE OF TRUNKS IN SAME PROPORTION.

genuine grain leather valise, 20 inches long, only one, at \$3.

Tourist bags, club bags, a full line, at reduced prices. Ladies and gent's toilet cases, card cases, pocket books, hats and drinking cups, telescope cases, smoking cases, all styles and qualities, all at rock bottom prices.

DIEBERMAN, 92 and 94 Whitehall Street.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

CINCINNATI, Walnut Hills.

Miss Nourse's

English and French Family and Day School

Will reopen Sept. 25. Pupils join special classes or

any full class ready for University Examina-

tions. Circumstances further explained can

be had at 95 Park Avenue. June 21. 115 sat. sun.

SACRED HEART SEMINARY.

FOR BOYS UP TO THE AGE OF 14 YEARS. IN

charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Sharon, Ga.

A weekly school for Primary and Secondary commences

first Monday in September. Parents and guardians

are requested to send pupils for the opening day in

order to compete for medals. Board, tuition wash-

ing and other expenses \$100 for five months.

For further particulars address Sister Joseph, Sharon, Telfair County, Ga. July 21-22-23.

GRAND HARVEST EXCURSION
TO ARKANSAS & TEXAS,

August 6th and 20th, and September 10th and 24th

via the Little Rock and Memphis railroad. Tickets

good for 30 days. Stop over 15 days allowed at

Memphis, New Orleans, or Little Rock. One round

trip. This is cool and pleasant route for

the season of the year. 500 miles north of New

Orleans route and 200 miles shorter to Dallas and

200 miles shorter to Little Rock than New

Orleans long line. Choice of three routes from At-

lanta to Memphis, Western and Atlantic and Mc-

Kenzon route, E. T. V. and Ga. and M. and C.

Day and night express, and the Memphis and Little

Rock railroad. Remember, by buying your

tickets via the above route from the agent of this

company, you will get a 10% discount on all tickets.

The Little Rock and Memphis is the only line out

of Memphis with double daily connection for all

other lines.

Don't fail to ask for your tickets over the Little

Rock and Memphis via Little Rock or Brinkley

and the Memphis and Little Rock railroad.

The new western railway guide with complete

map and schedule mailed free. For further par-

iculars write to R. A. WILLIAMS,

General Excursion Agent, 115 Sat. sun. 24,

S. W. TUCKER, Office 33 Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

RUDOLPH FINK,

G. P. A., Little Rock, Ark. General Manager,

Little Rock, Ark. July 21-22.

MONEY TO LOAN

On long time in amounts of \$100 and up-

ward in easy terms. No delay.

HOME LOAN AND BANKING CO.

94 Peachtree Street, Room

M. A. AMOUR, President.

G. R. DESAUSSURE, Cashier.

June 21-22.

PILES, FISTULA, AND ALL RECTAL

diseases treated with great success and

by a simple and improved treat-

ment. No knife or caustics used.

For particulars call or write me.

DR. R. G. JACKSON,

No. 42, Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

wed fri sun no 8

NEW BLACK GOODS

Just received a splen-
did line new silk warp
Henriettas. We sell
nothing but Priestley's
weaves in Henriettas
and warrant every
yard. Chambéry,
Johnson & Co.

TRUCKS.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.
FORTUNE FOR SOMEBODY!

M'BRIDE
WILL SELL A
WONDERFUL BARGAIN
HIS ENTIRE AND MAGNIFICENT
STOCK FOR CASH!

OR WILL

Exchange for Real Estate

He Must Give Up His Store in a
Few Days to

PHILIPS AND CREW!

If you want China, Silverware, Elegant
Bric-a-Brac, Lamps, Chamber Sets, Vases,
Show Cases, Filters, Coolers, Freezers, Chan-
deliers, Coal Hods, Come quick. Thousands
of useful and beautiful articles at less than
half cost.

M'BRIDE'S

FURNITURE.

PEYTON H. SNOOK
GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE

—WILL OFFER THE COMING WEEK SOME VERY HANDSOME—

The Man of Galilee.

First copy received

May 27; fifth thousand

called for July 24.

Ask your bookseller or

news boys on the cars.

ATLANTA CITY BREWING CO.
BREWERS OF

THE FINEST BEER!

On and after January 1, 1889, the Atlanta City Brewing Company takes charge of their bottling department, heretofore managed by the Southern Bottling Company, Aug. Flesh, proprietor. We beg leave to inform the public that with increased facilities, we are prepared to supply the demand for the justly celebrated lager beer brewed by our company from the best Canadian malt, choice Bohemian, Bavarian and California hops, free to all for inspection at our brewery, corner Harris street and Courtland avenue.

We Solicit the Patronage of the Trade
THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH.

THE CAHILL IRON WORKS
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Architectural Iron Work and Building Castings—
Columns, Lintels, Store Fronts, Side,
Walk Grating, Open and Glass,

We have a great variety of patterns. Send for cuts
of fronts and prices.

Also Manufacturers of

MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS, GRATES, ETC.

ALL KINDS JOB FOUNDRY WORK SOLICITED.

We have made a specialty of Building Castings for
Fifteen Years, and our work can be seen
in almost every southern city.

MEDICAL

MANY A LIFE

HAS been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Pills. Travellers by land or sea are liable to constipation or other derangements of the stomach and bowels which, if neglected, lead to serious and often fatal consequences. The most sure means of correcting these evils is the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. The prudent sailing-master would as soon go to sea without his chronometer as without a supply of these Pills. Though prompt and energetic in operation, Ayer's Pills leave no ill effects; they are purely vegetable and sugar-coated; the safest medicine for old and young, at home or abroad.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in

Excellent

health."—Mrs. C. E. Clark, Tewksbury, Massachusetts.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our time. They have been in use for many years for affections requiring a purgative, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"For several years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than upon anything else in my medical chest, to regulate the bowels and those of the ship's crew. These Pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect for the cure of rheumatism, kidney troubles, and dyspepsia."—Capt. Mueller, Steamship Felicia, New York City.

"I have found Ayer's Cathartic Pill to be better suited for common use than any other pills within my knowledge. They are not only very effective, but safe and pleasant to take—qualities which must make them valued by the public."—Julia Hauel, Perfumer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

Thousands of Dress Goods and Silk Remnants on our counters which we offer at half price, among them are many dress lengths, all at 50 cents on the dollar. M. Rich & Bros.



COMFORTABLE and ELEGANT.
For Sale by Leading Dealers.
M'd Solely by WM. BARKER, Troy, N.Y.

Remnants of Wool Dress Goods.
Remnants of Wash Dress Goods.
Remnants of Silks.
Remnants of Table Linens.

Remnants of Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, etc., all at 50 cents on the dollar this week, at M. Rich & Bros.

A NEW DISCOVERY.**Haynes' Rheumatic Specific**

Is truly a God send to the afflicted who suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and Diplopia. It is purely a vegetable compound, manufactured from roots and herbs that grow in Georgia, and is free from poisons and animal poisons. Try it and be convinced that what we say is true of this remedy. For sale by all druggists and manufacturers by

RHEUMATIC SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Send Your Collars and Cuffs

TO

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY.

BEST WORK IN THE SOUTH.

TELEPHONE US.

Wagons will Call for and Deliver Packages.

dit

BLUE RIDGE AND ATLANTIC R. R.

TIME TABLE NO. 8.

To take effect Monday, June 24, 1889. Eastern Time.

STATIONS. Daily Daily

Leave Fulton Falls..... A. M. P. M. 7:30 6:45

" Turnerville..... 7:55 6:45

" Anadale..... 8:10 6:45

" Clarkesville..... 8:25 7:25

Arrive Cornelia..... 8:45 7:45

STATIONS. Daily Daily

Leave Cornelia..... A. M. P. M. 12:00 11:15

" Clarkesville..... 11:30 10:45

" Anadale..... 11:20 10:35

Arrive Tallulah Falls..... 10:50 10:15

W. B. THOMAS,
President and General Manager.

BRIGHT AND BREEZY.
A DESULTORY ACCOUNT OF A RIDE THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

A Dreamy Soliloquy on Decatur—Lithonia as She Is—Stone Mountain—Scenes from a Train Window.

Bright and breezy was the day, and the shadows were creeping slowly eastward.

Those Georgia road trains run so swiftly that one feels like he is setting down on a cushion and somebody is sliding the world along in front of him like a panorama show.

Sweet old Decatur!

It is a perfect dream of summer loveliness now. With its broad stretches of grassy lawn, its quiet homes nestled among the trees, its deep and dreamy woods, and its smiling fields arrayed in all the glory of a fruitful summer.

If an angel should come and clasp my hand

(You may trust me, dear, thro' all coming time),

And call me his queen, and give me his crown

For the love of me, would you think it's strange?

That I still be true, my love, to you,

The golden world princes should come to you,

For a single year, for I sadly fear

The queen's heart would break for you, my dear!

But with all its prime ways there is something inexpressibly charming about this little out-of-time place.

I stood on those beautiful grounds brightened by someold fashioned flowers that were my fast friends and comrades in happier days, and I felt that longing that so frequently walks through our hearts when we are reminded of the days that come again no more forever.

I suppose it's the old yearning of humanity to get back to the simple life of poor man, Eve rested her failing eyes on the golden glory of the west at evening and habited out broken memories of the green valleys and flowing waters of Paradise.

If I could go to Decatur and dream the rest

of you practical folks might be welcome to me all the toll and bustle of busy Atlanta and its rest less throng.

"For a dreamer lives forever,

And a toiler dies in a day."

The sweet old country that lies beyond is so inexpressibly charming now when the oats are in the shock and the young meadow larks are learning to sing. The blackberries are ripe and the wild roses flash.

At one place I noticed a long hedge of vivid green, interspersed with starry blossoms, and then remembered a dear friend who loves these vagabond Cherokee roses.

They are so Bohemian in their ways. They clamber over the rocks and they climb trees, and they toss their fragrant petals in a mock, way. If they knew how provokingly fascinating they were, blooming there in the sun, and rollicking around at their own sweet will, they would observe the proprieties a little closer. And if they knew of whom they roamed mad Stone mountain reminds me of some huge monument basking in the sun.

Its grizzled crest is seamed and seared by ten thousand conflicts with the elements.

But the lightning bolt, the thunder crash, the lightning bolt and the cyclone beat its awful wings against that mighty rock, and strives in vain to fit its talons among the chasms and precipices of the old, old giant.

But it is all to no purpose. Unheeded I have seen the snowdrifts banked upon it, and then I have watched the grim smile that lights up the face of the old, old giant.

Now as the fast mail train goes bounding along, courting to the mountain, whose pose it is careful not to disturb by approaching too near, the thought comes over me and oppresses me that

"If the mountain can think, what must it think of the pretensions of a little bit of a fellow like me?"

We are on the sunset side of the mountain.

With the summer light flooding its gray sides, that grand old mass of granite is more like a dream—a nightmare—than a reality.

I understand how it came to be there.

I don't understand how it came to be there.

It looks like somebody started to build a papa to hold up the sky, and abandoned the idea when half completed.

If the world is a living creature I can imagine it whirling along through the universe and calling out to some starry meteor that happens to be passing:

"If you're there, if you are out of a job I'd like to get you to come and scratch this wark on my back."

Down, down, down, we glides along on the sun-side of the mountain.

Some of those farms are half granite and the balance cotton, meat, rye.

There, I have an idea. There is a practical illustration of a theory.

There is the rock and the rye.

I've heard of such an affiliation as that somewhere before, but if I remember correctly in case the rye was stronger than the rock, but in this case the rye don't amount to much, and it is the rock that gets there by an overhand.

It is just as pretty as it can be.

There lies fine mountain, one of the same broad as that queer old boulder up yonder, and then there are broad patches of mottled granite that lie along level with the surface. It makes the world look like it has the mange in its veins, and I am in love with Lithonia right off.

These bonnie Scots who dwell in the quareies are a quiet, sober, thoughtful people. They look you straight in the eye when they tell you anything, and they are polite and generous, and there is no harm in them. They are as true as the day is long.

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THE FALSE MESSIAH.

VIGILANT ACTION OF THE AUTHORITY OF LIBERTY COUNTY.

The Impostor and a Large Number of His Followers Under Arrest-The General Gossip of the State.

The sheriff of Liberty county has succeeded in arresting Edward James, the negro magistrate, who has been posing there as the Messiah. About thirty of his followers have also been arrested. James has been declared insane, and will be run off to Millwood as soon as possible. There is some fear that today, being Sunday, there may be some difficulty among the negroes. The colored church members do sympathize with the followers of James, and in a series of resolutions have denounced them as being misled and insane.

**

The DeKalb County Sunday School association, composed of two schools, with a membership of about three thousand pupils, will hold their twenty-second annual meeting in Decatur, at the children's tabernacle, next Wednesday, the 31st inst. Hon. M. A. Candler is the president of the association, W. J. Houston chairman executive committee, and George A. Ramspeck secretary. The annual address will be delivered by Hon. W. J. Northam, Hancook county, Georgia. The installation address by Rev. A. G. Haygood, of Decatur, who will be succeeded by Hon. James A. Anderson, of Atlanta.

The exercises will begin at 10 o'clock a.m., and end about five o'clock p.m. There will be a recess from 12:30 to 2 o'clock for dinner. There are usually about five thousand persons in attendance. The regular schedule on the Georgia road is well arranged for persons in Atlanta who may desire to attend.

**

Mrs. J. C. Buecher, of Decatur, is spending a month at Mount Eagle, Tenn. Judge J. B. Stewart, who has been in feeble condition for several months, is at Robertson's sanatorium in Atlanta. Mr. Charles A. Hamilton, of Monteagle, is enjoying a few days in Decatur with his wife and children, who are spending the summer there.

**

The Thomassville Iron works is getting plenty of work. They have recently been forced to work at night to keep up with their orders. The Thomassville Iron works is getting on a solid foundation. They have some of the finest machinists in the south, and are prepared to turn out every kind of work done in a first-class machine shop.

**

A large number of Italian laborers, many of them accompanied by their families, have come to the state, and are now working at Alabamia, where they will work on the Alabama Midland. They came direct from New York. They have but recently arrived in this country from Italy. Dispatches were received directing that provisions be made to feed the party. Quite a number of baker's bread and other edibles were found waiting the hungry Italians at the depot, when No. 7 rolled in, two hours late.

**

Professor Jerry M. Pound, of Barnesville, has returned from a few days visit to Fort Valley. He states that he has never seen such a quantity of fruit as is to be seen in and around Fort Valley. Thousands of dollars are being realized in the sale of oranges, and it is estimated that the fruit interest will carry to a clip this season about \$75,000. Everybody and everything, almost, is at work in gathering the fruit, making crates for shipment, and evaporating it. The excitement over the fruit and its profits is very high.

**

The Athens Banner says: We do hope that the Marietta and North Georgia railroad will be permitted to enter Atlanta over its present right-of-way, as a competitor. It goes to the Western and Atlantic road. The idea of the great and progressive state of Georgia putting up a road that will open and develop so much country as the one which the Marietta and North Georgia will pass through, the most selfish motives actually fatigues one's imagination. The Cherokee nation for the sale of its lands, cannot possibly mature before two years. Now, understand the idea of the government is to have the Indians come to the first place, the Cherokee being a member of his family, and an opportunity presenting itself, the Argus never wants to quote his name.

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The only way this can be amended, he added, "is by giving him notice six months before the general election, and no such election will be held here for two years. Therefore, any and all legitimate efforts on the part of the United States to change the treaty with the Cherokee nation for the sale of its lands, cannot possibly mature before two years. Now,

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THE SUNDAY CONSTITUTION

82 A YEAR.

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ATLANTA, GA., JULY 28, 1889.

The Piedmont Exposition.

Suppose we whirl in now and get the Piedmont exposition in a swing. It is only seventy-two days, including Sundays, before its gates are opened to the public, and as we intend to make it the greatest show ever seen in the south, there is not a day to lose.

Let us get together now and make it hum.

Mrs. Canfield—Her Feelings.

The letter of Mrs. Canfield, written from Nashville to a friend in the north, deserved more than a passing notice.

Not in a personal sense. Ever since the honest husbandman warmed the viper in his bosom people in all countries have entertained ungracious guests. They will continue to do so until the crack of doom.

But let us examine what lies behind the personal aspect of the case. Here are the facts: Mrs. Canfield, wife of a prominent officer of the National Educational convention, visits Nashville. She is a woman of culture, of good social position, presumably a religious woman. She has suffered nothing at the hands of the south, and is a guest in Nashville. Daily and night she accepted the hospitality of the ladies of Nashville. One night she retires to her room, or rather the room which a hospitable hostess had made her's for the night, and there writes a letter to a friend in the north. In that letter she is gratified to note that the negroes are increasing faster than the whites; that they will finally be in power all over the south, and then expresses the hope that if she is then dead that she may be permitted to sit in some corner of heaven from which she can look down and enjoy the sight of black heels on white necks. That is a remarkable wish to come from the pen of a white woman. She had met the ladies of Nashville. She had seen how gentle, how refined, how earnestly hospitable they were. She had smiled at them across their table—had accepted from their hands gracious and repeated courtesies, and yet in the privacy of her own room she writes that she hopes she will be permitted to enjoy the sight of black heels on the white necks of her brothers and sisters of the south. And from what point does she hope to see this inspiring sight? From Heaven. Her hatred is so deep, her malice so sharp, that she hopes it will live beyond the grave in which all mortal passion ought to be buried, and that even in heaven where the spirit is disentangled from the flesh and the infirmities thereof she hopes that she will be permitted to occupy some corner of God's kingdom from which she can see the white people of the south with their white necks under the heels of the negroes and she hopes to carry into that kingdom of peace enough of earth's baser passions to enable her to enjoy the sight.

A single flash of lightning on a dark night sometimes discloses acres of blackness and of danger. Is this letter of Mrs. Canfield's, written in black and white, and published accidentally—is this the flash of lightning? How many women are there in the north who feel as Mrs. Canfield has written? How many women of good position and education, with no knowledge of the south save a casual one, and with no reason to hate this people, live in the hope, as Mrs. Canfield does, that even beyond the grave their hatred will be strong enough, and their eyes keen enough to enable them to see the black race standing with their heels driven into the necks of the prostrate white people?

As we said before, the Canfield incident is unimportant in itself. Here is its important feature: If an average northern woman with no personal reason for hatred, but on the contrary special reasons for courtesy—with culture and refinement and position, cherishes such feelings towards the southern people—what reason is there for believing that this is not the average feeling of the average northern woman towards the south?

The very freedom with which Mrs. Canfield expressed this wish to her friend in Kansas would indicate that there was nothing unusual, or at least nothing abnormal in cherishing such a sentiment.

The two vivid features of the episode are perhaps, first the discussion that ensued between Mr. and Mrs. Canfield when the letter first appeared in Nashville. Second, the discussion between Mrs. Canfield and her unknown friend who gave her letter to the papers. But these are personal aspects, and with them the world has nothing to do. The interesting question is, how many northern women did Mrs. Canfield represent when she expressed that wish? Is that wish a general one among the women of the north? If not an ordinary and commendable expression of opinion, why did Mrs. Canfield write it so freely, and why did her friend hasten to give it publicity? If this opinion is an average one among the women of the north how can the south hope to win and hold the patience and the impartial judgment of the north under which alone the negro question can be settled? Does not such expressions as this force the south more and more to rely on herself to settle this great problem, and to rely less and less on fair, or wise, or honest treatment from

that people which of all others should give her their earnest sympathy and their constant and steadfast support?

A Canaan in Georgia.

Mr. J. G. Oglesby, president of the chamber of commerce, says that middle Georgia is the best section of the world. Colonel Elbert Irucker says that Georgia is the garden spot of the world and Elbert county its asparagus bed. Mr. Hemphill has remarked that if Georgia were Egypt, the land of Goshen would be found to the right of the Air Line road.

These are three good opinions. We desire to add one. The Savannah river valley, already prosperous with a well balanced and prosperous people, can be made incomparable in richness and thrift and beauty. Its farm lands are superb—though soil is about the last thing a man need look for in buying a home. In Florida they sell you "a hundred acres of climate with the soil thrown in." A man can make the soil he wishes. In the Savannah river valley, however, blue grass and clover, cotton and tobacco grow in the same fields, and every fruit that can be raised in a temperate climate is found in perfection. The water power of the Savannah river would turn the spindles of the world, and still its grand rapids would scarcely be fretted. A dozen shoals can be named with as much water power as Augusta's canal gives that city. There are exhaustless forests of the best woods, and quarries of matchless granite. In beauty the scenery of the Savannah river is unsurpassed, and Professor White is authority for the assertion that the rapids of the Savannah surpass in grandeur and excitement the Lachine rapids of the St. Lawrence. If the beauties of that river were but known to the world, every summer thousands of canoes would seek its waters, flash through its rapids and rest in its eddying pauses under its enchanting banks, or explore its picturesque islands.

The development of this section has already begun, and it will startle the country in the future. The Elberton road when projected ran through the forest with not a tree amiss. Land was worth \$150 an acre. It now runs through lanes of beautiful farms, of comfortable homes and thriving villages and towns. Farm lands have risen to eight and ten dollars an acre. If a hundred Atlanta merchants were asked for the half dozen stanchest towns in the state hardly a list would fail to have the names of Elberton and Hartwell and their neighbors. The Georgia, Carolina and Northern road will cross this valley and open up a new section to the world. The Richmond and Danville system ought to finish the Cincinnati branch and cover the valley of the Savannah river with feeders to its system, for the road that controls the trade of that section for the next twenty years will gather riches that cannot now be measured.

This is not a question of prohibition, but of obeying the law. The saloon keepers defy the law and the powers that made it. They are for the time anarchists and should be treated as anarchists.

Smash the Anarchists.

Today the strength of the law will be tested in Cincinnati. Two hundred saloon keepers defy the authorities and propose to keep their places of business open in spite of the statute requiring them to close on Sunday.

The complacency with which they take such a position shows how powerful and insolent the saloon element has become in Cincinnati, and how insolent it would become anywhere with the same uninterrupted control of power.

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Happily we have had no anarchists in this region and no such defiance of the law.

Such disorder comes from the great city of Cincinnati and others like it, in which the men live who tell us what a lawless set we are. Nevertheless, we hope the good order of the city of Cincinnati will be preserved and the honor of the state of Ohio will be sustained by the chucking into a cellar of every man who defies the law. Disorder in any part of the country is an affront to law abiding citizens everywhere.

Our readers would do well to examine the attractions at Piedmont Chautauqua, which appear in another part of this paper. If the people do not attend on account of these attractions, it will simply be because they do not desire institutions of this kind.

The attractions are unlimited and cannot be surpassed in America. Let everybody turn out on next Wednesday at ex-Confederate Veterans' day and see the fine display of fireworks, and you should keep your eye on the programmes in future.

A converted journalist is a peculiar way of putting it.

If the Romans don't suspend business it is hard to see how they can do justice to their prohibition campaign.

It is now hinted that the railroad combination propose to elect a governor and abolish the commission. According to this theory the people of Georgia are merely a knot on a log.

There is this much to be said of the United States and of Georgia: no trust or combination has yet wiped it out.

DURING the printers' strike in New York, Colonel John Cockrell, his sub-editors and reporters have all been setting type. It is not a difficult matter to set type, if you know how, and it is a very pleasant business after you get used to it.

ONE OF THEM.

Ir is said that the verdict in favor of the administration in Ohio will be 25,000. Isn't this the same old majority?

The suggestion is made that the Republicans of Virginia are very high spirits.

Nevertheless, they will be drinking low wines before the season is over.

AT THE BYHALIA, Mississippi, confederate reunion last week some stirring speeches were made. A special week in favor of "General Hooker's" address was the most elaborate. He went into the causes of the war, claiming that the southern states, in so far as the union, only exercised the right of self-government inherent in the people. Congressman Allen said he didn't care so much about the cause for which the southern soldiers fought as he did about the way they fought. Every glorification of the northern veterans made him more proud of what he and his comrades had done in the war, when he remembered that it took 2,600,000 of them four years to whip 600,000 southerners. "No man," he said, "who did his duty under Lee, or Jackson, or Johnston, or Hood would exchange the memory of that service for the fattest pension or the biggest office in the gift of the federal government."

AN INCIDENT in the McDowell trial in Charleston has caused Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller to wax wroth. In the evidence submitted by the prosecution it was shown that Dr. McDowell had presented to the jury a portion of the "Twixt Sun and Law" to the nomenclature in the box and was denounced as "an immoral book." The author now comes forward to say that it is no such thing, that she wrote it with a serious purpose, and that it is her contribution to sociology. All of which goes to show that the aim of an author sometimes fails to hit his or her readers.

A WRITER in the New York Evangelist visiting Lexington quotes Professor White, of Washington and Lee university, in reference to Stonewall Jackson as follows: "There has been some disposition even among southern writers to caricature Jackson as a man in the effort to place Jackson, the soldier, in bold relief. A certain blunt, cut, and reticent hand which marked the soldier, has been adopted by some writers in seeking to depict him. Such was not the case. I met him very often in society, and do not hesitate to say that he was modest, genial, courteous, and notably polite to every one. He was not graceful in figure or in movement, but in spirit was highly so. He had a pecu-

liar gentle expression of countenance, and moved easily in a social scene, making it a point to speak, at least a few minutes, to every lady present, with no constraint or embarrassment, and had a smile and a pleasant word for every acquaintance. His whole manner was so gentle and unobtrusive, his punctilious regard for the feelings of others so inviolable, his unselfishness so striking, that if his reputation in the Mexican war had not been so bad, I do not think that the Mexican would have been thought of in connection with him. My friends of both sexes concur in me in these views."

A LONDON MEDICAL journal says that it is not intellect work that inspires the brain, but eminently physical. Men can stand the severest thought and study and be none the worse for it, because they will still be able to sleep. But ambition and pride, disappointment and other emotions wear out the nerves and unbalance the brain.

LETTERS HERE AND THERE.

ANDERSON.—General paralysis is the trouble with Mary Anderson.

ZOLA.—Zola is now said to be the best paid novelist in France.

KIRKMAN.—Jack Kirkman is on a spree.

HARRISON.—President Harrison has a peculiar complexion, which is not affected by the sun or wind.

SOUTHWORTH.—Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is seventy-two years old.

VICTORIA.—Queen Victoria is thinking of visiting India.

BLAINE.—Although Secretary Blaine has lived twenty-eight years in Washington, he has never joined a club.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE.

About three years ago, I had an experience in traveling on cars which I have often thought worth printing, and the account of Mrs. Flavia Canfield and the indignation she felt at being excluded from the car for whites, makes me write it.

I was in Montgomery, Ala., and was engaged by Hon. Solomon Palmer, state school commissioner, to do institute work. I had to be in Scotland on Monday, and so I had to leave Montgomery at 8 o'clock Saturday evening. I had a room in a suburban hotel, and the police street cars passed the door and also went down to the depot, and since I had only a valise for baggage, I concluded to go on these cars. Late in evening, however, two or three colored girls excluded from the car for whites, got on the car. I stood up and told the conductor that was as bad as the car for colored people. He stopped and said, "I'll get off." I looked up and saw that it was the car for colored people. It contained only a few. The car in advance was very crowded, but there were half a dozen men and women. These were all of our kind, and I do not know who was one of them, but I should have had to stop the train, and then ask for a seat, which had a thing I never did. I reflected that the car was crowded, and I got off. I do not know what I did, but I do not know what I did, and I did not blame with indignation.

I am a woman whose gray hairs generally cause consideration. I do not know who does not know me, but I did not get a seat on that occasion. I thought I did exactly what a lady should do, and I do not complain of the conductor.

ELIZA A. BOWEN.

ABOUT ICED DRINKS.

The doctors do not differ much after all.

THE CONSTITUTION's dictum—"So the doctors do as do their patients"—is not sustained on a careful analysis of the views published in Sunbury.

The truth is, there is a remarkable agreement in their replies when we consider that they were made without concert or conference, and by men representing a profusion of diverse disagreements have come to a general agreement.

With scarcely an exception all agree that cold drinks, taken moderately, when the body is not over heated, and spanned with ice, are healthful, pleasant, "all right." The plain orn was however, not with negroes, but white men who were not over heated, nor spanned with ice, and so remained healthy. This is a fact which may be denied by any one who has not been in the south.

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DOWN THE SAVANNAH.**THE VOYAGE OF THE GRADY PARTY DESCRIBED.****LARRY GANTT AS THE HERO OF THE OCCASION—INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP—THE SCENERY ALONG THE RIVER.**

The trip to Elberton and down the Savannah river, from which Mr. Grady and a party of his friends have just returned, has been pronounced by all the most delightful of their lives.

Indeed, the people of Elbert are the most hospitable in the world, and the trip could not have been otherwise.

Mr. Grady made five speeches, but perhaps the greatest hit of his life was made at Anderson, S. C. There were at least twelve thousand people present, and the effect of the speech was profound.

However, fully one half the crowd were Georgians, many of whom had made one and two days' journeys to hear Mr. Grady. Whole families had turned out. There were men, women, boys and girls, and even

HUNDREDS OF LITTLE BABIES, in their mothers' arms. They were an intelligent and sturdy looking set of farmers, and their appearance bore the unmistakable signs of prosperity and contentment, for within the entire south there are no more fertile lands than along the banks of the Savannah, in both Georgia and South Carolina. Without fertilizer the lands readily yield a bale of cotton or fifty bushels of corn to the acre, but on account of the distance from railroads, only about a half to two-thirds of the cleared lands are planted.

But about the crowds who went to hear Mr. Grady. Right in front of the stand upon which the speaking took place was

A YOUNG MOTHER who tenderly bore in her arms a pretty blue eyed babe only a few weeks old. This young mother was particularly deeply impressed with Mr. Grady's words, and as he soared aloft in his eloquence and pathos, great tears were seen to form in her large blue eyes and run down over her cheeks. When the speech was concluded, this young mother tried to get near enough to speak to Mr. Grady, but she was forced aside by the surging crowd; however, not to soon, for a few to hear her say that her child, already called Henry, should have Grady added to his name and be called Henry Grady.

Besides babies, the children of the farmers had even brought their pet goats and cats and dogs, and on the stand, almost under Mr. Grady's feet, squatted upon his haunches

A LITTLE BLACK DOG,

approximately the same one that showered so much attention upon him at Albany. He was an ugly little brute, but his marked attention and apparent devotion formed a touching picture.

Just after the speech the party of sixty-five left in three long canopy-covered Petersburg boats for a trip of fifty miles down the river through the rapids and rocky shoals. They were long, narrow and of light draft, covered very much like a prairie schooner.

Behind them floated a great

FLEET OF SMALL CRAFTS of every description—bateaux, polo boats, dugouts, rafts and rowboats. There must have been fifty of them and it seemed that every man along the banks of the entire stream had turned out in his little boat to honor the guests of the people of Elberton. Through the rapids, which Professor White says are grander, more picturesque and more dangerous than those of the St. Lawrence, the expert negro boatmen steered us safely for a mile.

Then there was a bend in the river and just as the fleet rounded the curve out of sight of the multitude of people who lined the banks to bid the party adieu, Mr. Grady, Hon. W. H. Mattox, Congressman Carlton, and Professor White, transformed themselves into fifteen year-old boys and

WENT IN TO ENJOY THE TRIP

as only boys can. All pulled off their coats and shoes, and with their pants pulled above their knees, allowed their feet to dangle over the sides of the boat in the rushing stream.

The boat struck upon a rock in¹ the water and became wedged. There was no way to extricate it, except for the hands to get overboard and prize her off. Mr. Grady and Mr. Mattox jumped into the stream up to their waists to assist, and as the boat was shoved off, both gentlemen straddled the rudder, and with their legs dangling in the water, rode through the rapids and down stream until placid water was reached and they could again climb aboard.

IT WAS A PICTURE.

An orator who had just enthused and electrified a vast audience by a great speech, a half hour afterward astride the rudder of a boat in a semi-nude condition, laughing and cheering and paddling around in the water like a school boy on a vacation.

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A GREAT SPREADING WATER OAK on the bank of the river at Harper's Ferry. It was dark when this point was reached. A great campfire was quickly built and the cooks commenced preparing supper, while many of the crowd went in bathing. Larry Gantt and Mr. Grady decided that some roasting ears would go well for supper and they started inland on a hunt. They were gone perhaps half an hour, when the yellings of a dog were heard in the far distance. They came nearer and nearer. Yells of men in distress could be distinctly heard. Then we heard something running through the woods making as much noise as an elephant on a tear, and in a few seconds Mr. Grady, almost out of breath, but laughing heartily, landed in camp, while just behind him

LARRY GANTT,

with the teeth of a car fastened in each leg of his pants, struggled on. There were two dogs and only one of Larry. Each dog had a leg and each was pulling backwards while Larry, single handed, struggled forward. The crowd rushed to his assistance, the dogs were run off and Dr. Carlton went to administer to the Athens editor, but he was all right and had

only lost about a foot of cloth off each leg of his pants. There were no roasting ears for supper.

After supper the crowd of sixty-five gathered around the camp fire, told jokes, played them upon one another and Dr. Carlton and Mr. Mattox wrestled. Then the negroes to the number of twenty-five were gathered under the old oak where they sang their

QUAINT OLD RIVER SONGS.

Then they sang the old time hymns not even heard in the older negro churches of the present day of which the favorite ran "Jesus Locked the Lion's Jaw." They were the hymns heard in ante bellum days and there was a peculiar pathos in their voices which almost brought tears to the eyes of their listeners. They entered into it with their whole souls and such sweet music as those old negroes made under that great spreading oak with the owl hooting in the distance was perhaps never heard.

Then when it grew late the oldest negro in the crowd said:

"Brethren, 'tis time to sleep. Let us pray."

In an instant everyone of the negroes fell upon their knees and with bended heads listened to the preacher.

CHANT THE LORD'S PRAYER in that quaint negro dialect now seldom heard. In their midst was Dr. Carlton and Mr. Grady and they too were upon their knees, while the remainder of the crowd stood around with bowed heads. It was the most impressive prayer I have ever heard, and that prayer, uttered in the bending skies, with the faint rays of the moon playing between the boughs of the trees and upon the upturned face of the old negro preacher, while the hoot of the owl and the cries of the night hawk blended with the music of the rippling waters, reached the heart of Him to whom it was sent.

Later in the night

COMFORTS WERE SPREAD UPON THE HILLSIDE and the crowd prepared to sleep, but somebody in the party, either Charlie Johnson or Larry Smith, had a cat at one end of the line and Tom Corrigan had one at the other. The crowd was just dozing when the mew of a cat was heard on one end of the line of sleepers. It was answered from the other. The imitations were so good that you could almost see the cat upon the back yard fence. It continued for some time, and then Dr. Carlton and about a dozen others decided, as they could not sleep no one should, and there was no sleep for the crowd that night. That is, until about two o'clock, when the noise ceased, and every one slept until four, when the journey down the river was resumed.

About noon Headstrong, the home of Colonel W. H. Mattox, was reached. There Mr. Grady made another speech to a large audience, and then the party enjoyed a genuine old-fashioned barbecue, after which the trip down the river was resumed.

About 6 o'clock

TROTTER SHOALS, OR RAPIDS, the most picturesque and dangerous point on the river, was reached. The rapids are six miles in length. Here the river is one mass of great rocks, through which the waters shoot with lightning-like rapidity, flowing down a steep grade of hills. Through these rocks the boats went like racers. It seemed every moment that they would strike upon a rock and be shattered, leaving the whole party to drown, but the boatmen were experienced, and we were going through safely when the skies suddenly darkened, the wind blew a perfect gale, and rain poured in torrents, drenching every one in the party to the very skin. Through the wind and rain

THE BOATMEN STOOD AT THEIR POSTS, and when an old mill was sighted carried us to shore. In it after groping around in the dark a long time we found a pile of fender. A big fire was built just outside the door to give light, and, embedding ourselves in the fender, the entire party lay in carriage for a mile.

Then there was a bend in the river and just as the fleet rounded the curve out of sight of the multitude of people who lined the banks to bid the party adieu, Mr. Grady, Hon. W. H. Mattox, Congressman Carlton, and Professor White, transformed themselves into fifteen year-old boys and

WENT IN TO ENJOY THE TRIP

as only boys can. All pulled off their coats and shoes, and with their pants pulled above their knees, allowed their feet to dangle over the sides of the boat in the rushing stream.

The boat struck upon a rock in¹ the water and became wedged. There was no way to extricate it, except for the hands to get overboard and prize her off. Mr. Grady and Mr. Mattox jumped into the stream up to their waists to assist, and as the boat was shoved off, both gentlemen straddled the rudder, and with their legs dangling in the water, rode through the rapids and down stream until placid water was reached and they could again climb aboard.

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QUICK WORK.**The Police Detectives Do Some Good Work**

Friday night there was a burglary on Marietta Street.

Dr. J. R. Hopkins's office was broken open and money to the amount of \$180 was stolen. The thief took off the inside lock of the drawer, and carried it with him.

Detectives Bedford, Cason and Green were put on the trail and yesterday they arrested William Reden, an employee of the house, and in his room they found a safe containing \$141.35, with the lock that was broken off the drawer door.

After being brought up with Reden confessed to having stolen the money.

REVENUE ARRESTS.

Deputy Sheriff McDowell captured James Woods in Habersham county yesterday. He accused him of aiding the devil by retailing bad spirits. He was lodged in Fulton county jail where there are no bad spirits to retail.

Deputy Marshal Scott brought in James Ogle, who is accused of running a little quiet still for his own benefit. He is also in Fulton county jail.

John Baker was captured by Deputy Sheriff Cepe in Clarke county. He thought he could outwit the revenue officer and make all the whisky he wanted, but he was taking over his mistake with other law-breakers in jail.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.**ROYAL****BAKING****POWDER****Absolutely Pure.****This powder never varies.****It is made of pure****straw flour, which is****far more nutritious****and palatable than****any other flour.****It is also****more nutritious****and palatable than****any other flour.**

LEGISLATIVE GOSSIP.

THE O'NEILL AMENDMENT IS PRACTICALLY CERTAIN OF ADOPTION.

A Legislator's Sweetheart in the Gallery—A Chattanooga Delegation Comes Down—A Talk With Mr. Patterson, of Bibb—Other News and Notes of Interest.

There were very few legislators left in Atlanta yesterday to discuss anything. Those few, however, were discussing the Western and Atlantic bill, or nothing.

Mr. Humphries, of Brooks, a member of the Western and Atlantic committee, says of the bill:

"There are two amendments that I am decidedly in favor of. The first is that of Mr. O'Neal, providing that the legislature, and not a board of any sort, shall examine the bills and decide between them. I have no doubt of the adoption of this amendment. We have lots of honest men in Georgia, but you don't know who they are. Don't put such an important matter, and with such flexible discretionary power, in the hands of a few men. If it should be determined to leave the matter to a board, then limit their discretion. Have the bids all made for the same term of years, and not some for one period and some for another. I am opposed to making the lease for a long term of years."

"What is the other amendment?"

"That of Mr. Atkinson—to lease only the realty. The proposition was first made in the general judiciary, and I think it was favorably received there. Mr. Huff's idea as to selling all the realty except that necessary to run the road, is a good one.

"Section three will be amended materially, as it should be."

Mr. Tatum, of Dade, says:

"The O'Neal amendment is a good one. I shall vote for it, and so will two-thirds of the house. My constituents requested me to help make the railroad commissioners and the governor make the board, or, if that was impossible, to at least have the railroad commission a part of the board. This proposition to do away with the board altogether is a good one. Let the legislature award the lease."

"What about the proposition to lease only the realty?"

Mr. Atkinson is a strong man and good worker, but he will have a hard time getting that amendment through. If the rolling stock is sold it will probably be sold at a sacrifice, and nothing should be sold without careful consideration. Don't let it be sold in a hurry, as it would be if sold now. Lease everything we have—that's the idea."

Another member of the committee said yesterday:

"The road is bound to be sold eventually. I think the confusion and uncertainty of the work next week will make a good many people in the house conclude that the safest plan is to sell the road. The almost inevitable litigation will have a similar effect on the general sentiment, outside the legislature. There is no possibility that a sale bill could be passed, even if the matter should go over to the next legislature, but this is the last time the road will ever be leased."

"Is there any probability that the bill will go over to the next legislature without any definite action taken?"

"I think there is a strong probability of it. We are not in condition to say what we can ease, either in ready or in rolling stock. From a business standpoint, it would be wrong for this legislature to lease the road."

A delegation of prominent Chattanooga citizens will appear before the legislature, or an appropriate committee, next week, to ask for the sale of a part of the Western and Atlantic property in Chattanooga.

A member of the house from northwest Georgia said yesterday:

"The property ought to be sold because it will benefit both the road and the city. As suggested by some legislator in this morning's Constitution, the property now used as a freight yard might be sold for \$500,000, and property just as well adapted to the purpose could be bought for \$100,000—a net profit to the state of \$400,000. Then it is a material question in Chattanooga and has already made the road generally unpopular there. Business men discriminate uniformly in favor of the East Tennessee. That Western and Atlantic crossing on Market street is a regular death trap, and a number of people have been killed there. It's worse than Whitehall street crossing in Atlanta."

Mr. Tatum, it will be remembered, is the author of the bill to prohibit the bringing of dressed fowl into the state.

"It's in the hands of the general judiciary committee," said he, "and I am confident that they will report favorably on it."

"What will become of it in the house?"

"It's bound to pass," was the ready reply.

There's an Amen Corner in the house. It is the part of the front row between the main aisle and the side aisle to the clerk's room.

It was christened Friday when a new bill, without the name of its author upon the back, came to the clerk's desk.

"Who's bill is that?" asked one of the clerks as he picked it up to read.

"I don't know," said another clerk. "It came from somebody in the amen corner."

Three days, or oftener in a week, a young lady, apparently not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, dressed in white and wearing a white straw hat, may be seen in the gallery of the house. She sits always in the front row, commanding a view of the floor near the main entrance, across the clerks' room, as well as of the farther portions of the house. This is pretty, modest, and always neatly dressed.

She does not live in Atlanta. Her home is in northeast Georgia.

In one of the seats near the door sits the mother of the young lady's home county. By a sort of coincidence they have the same name—the young lady and the legislator—but are not related.

Some few people may have noticed that the young lady's manner is ordinarily listless and unoccupied, but that when the young legislator refers to an audience in the house, the young lady becomes all attention, and the change is as sudden as it is complete. When the legislator takes his seat again the young lady becomes as listless and as unconcerned as before.

The explanation was given by a matron friend.

"The young people," says the friend, "were thrown together a good deal four or five years ago. The acquaintance soon ripened into affection. There never was a formal engagement, but it was quite a serious affair—more so to her than to him. I understand that he is engaged now, and has been for some time, to another young lady in that country. The young lady becomes all attention, and the change is as sudden as it is complete. When the legislator takes his seat again the young lady becomes as listless and as unconcerned as before."

"How long has that been so?"

"Oh, for nearly two years now. She was in the gallery at the last session. When he has a case at court at home, or near home, she is more than apt to be in the audience."

Mr. Patterson, of Bibb, explaining his proposed amendment to the Western and Atlantic bill, said yesterday:

"There are many reasons why it would be better to sell the road than to lease it, but the convincing argument in favor of the lease seems to me that if the road is sold, under the constitution, its proceeds must have to be devoted to the payment of the state's debt. Whereas the proceeds of the lease can be devoted to educational purposes."

"If the state is by owning a railroad, to go

into competition with its citizens, if in control of its citizens, its strong hands must be shackled by a quasi partnership with a corporation, and if these things are done in the popular and sacred name of education, then that should appear in the bill for leasing the road."

Marble in All Forms and Stages of Development—Big Corn on the Hill-Sides—The Finest Scenery in the Southern States.

Pickens county has been talked about in Atlanta more within the past twenty-four hours than it had been in the twenty-four years preceding.

That legislative trip to the marble quarries.

"I was perfectly delighted with the trip," said Mr. Fleming, of Richmond, last night, "and benefited by it. I had a vague idea that this section of Georgia was a comparatively poor one, except for its marble. That's all mistake."

"I was impressed by the prosperous appearance of the country from Marietta to the end of our journey. The farms were in fine shape, and the crops good everywhere. This was especially so in the Etowah valley. I never saw finer corn in my life. Beyond Etowah valley are some of the finest timber lands in the south. The country generally is far richer than I expected to find."

"But the marble quarries? We saw marble of all sorts and in every stage of development. Some of it was being worked at the surface, while the deepest quarry was nearly one hundred feet deep. We saw the engines at work drilling out the blocks, and the derricks.

"We saw the huge blocks cut up into slabs of all shapes and sizes, and the rough slabs polished until the enamel was as smooth and firm as crystal. At another place on the way back, we saw the marble worked into all sorts of fancy designs, tombstones, vases, wash-basins, and everything else that can be made of marble. The rough material is turned in lathes, just as I saw iron screws and cylinders turned in the technological school. The tools are very much like those used in turning iron.

"There is a sort of fascination in watching the transformation—first the rough blocks, some of them weighing twenty tons, the sawed-out smaller blocks and slabs, the turning and shaping of this as freely and whimsically as a potter would mold his clay, and then the polishing. It is wonderful."

"Coming back I rode on the engine with Superintendent Glover, and thus had an excellent opportunity to examine the track and road bed. When the gauge was broadened, the curves were made easier and longer, and there are no danger points now. The track is in splendid condition, braced inside and out. I had rather expected to find it dilapidated, and was very much surprised in this respect."

"The marble, I understand, is of a superior quality, and the demand greater than the supply. It is shipped all over the eastern part of the United States. It is better than the New England variety because it is more uniformly crystalline in structure. This enables it to stand cold and water better, and it doesn't stain readily. Taken altogether, I never spent a day more pleasantly or more profitably in my life."

Mr. Mustin, of Morgan, is thinking seriously of moving to Pickens county forthwith.

"I never dreamed," said he, "that such things were done in Georgia. Five years ago there were no marble works there. Now there are five quarries that employ about three-quarters of a mile from Tatesville where we leave the Marietta and North Georgia, and the farthest off not more than three miles.

The Georgia Marble company is especially interesting. They have been drilling there about three years, and the hole now is about sixty feet square by 100 deep. There are steps leading down to the bottom, but I stayed up there and looked over the edge."

"Those engines are enough to deafen the workers. Some of the quarrying is not vertically downward, but in a slanting direction. I liked to watch them saw the big blocks into slabs. Some of them are as large as a house. The crude marble is worth \$175 a cubic foot. One of the prettiest slabs I ever saw was a large one of thin slab of colored marble, cut so thin that it transmitted light like glass. The works are run night and day. Electric lights are used.

"Corn there is the finest I ever saw. That's all they raise—corn and children. Some of the corn along the railroad's banks was twenty-five bushels to the acre, and the grain was as white as wheat. Some of the best fields were on the steep hillsides. I don't see how on earth they plowed it. They must have tied a rope to the stone bands and fought with them with tooth and nail. The soil is very poor, but I stayed up there and looked over the edge."

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IN SOCIETY'S DOMAIN.

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE HERE AND THOSE AWAY.

News and Notes About People Gathered From All Sources—Wonderful Musicians Who Thrill the Soul—Persons About People You Know.

What has everybody been doing this week? Fanning to keep cool the first part, and going to a germa the latter part and getting warmed than ever?

But those who went say that Salt Springs was de-lightfully cool Friday evening. Still dancing in any sort of summer weather is not a refrigerating process.

The coolest place I've seen during all this heat was Mrs. Lowe's broad, shaded veranda, on Peachtree. It is sheltered by vines, and furnished with a great Turkish rug and bamboo lounge and chairs. Towards the north it looks out upon the distant autumn, and the bride is a young lady noted at home and abroad for her beauty and brilliancy. It might not be personal to define, very closely, the fortunate name suffice it to say it is worthy his prize in every way.

The exodus from Atlanta during the past few weeks and especially since the intense heat weather, has been something wonderful. Yesterday morning Mrs. Harwood, Miss Harwood and Misses Fannie and Abby Harwood left for Asheville. Friday Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wren, Miss Alline Stocking and Mr. Harry Wren left to Virginia.

Miss Eula Maddox and Miss Grant left Friday evening for Salt Springs to visit Miss Marsh.

Mrs. Porter and family and Miss Julia Lowry Clarke left for Asheville this week.

Mrs. J. D. Patterson and family are spending some weeks at Gainesville, at the Piedmont hotel. From there they will stop at New Haven.

Miss Kittie Smith, of Sparta, who has been visiting Miss Mamie Bruce, returned home last week.

Ex-Mayor George S. Greeno and wife, of St. Augustine, Fla., are staying at the Belmont.

Miss Ellen Lyons, of East Fair street, will leave the city about a week to visit friends and relatives in Augusta and Washington. D. C. She will be absent about two or three months, and her many friends and acquaintances will miss her very much, but wish her a pleasant and enjoyable trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Inman, Miss Nellie Inman and Miss Anna Inman are away visiting Tallulah and the Virginia resorts.

Mrs. Sanders, Misses Sallie and Julia Sanders and Miss Willie Bell are at Tallulah Falls.

Mr. Ben Hill Thompson is at Tallulah.

The Atlantians at Norcross are Mrs. Jones, Misses Emma, Lizzie and Mary Ella Reid, Mrs. Rheit, Mrs. A. W. Hill and Mrs. Hugh Hagan.

Mr. David Dougherty and family are visiting relatives in southwest Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Miss Sallie Maude Jones are summering their plantation on Peachtree street was brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers. Refreshments were served during the evening, which was one long to be pleasantly remembered by all present.

They were Misses Robbie Lowe, Josie Inman, Mary Barnett, Carrie Powers, Isabel Castleman and Messrs. Eugene Black, Jim Powers, Bert Lovejoy, Stephen Barnett, Fred Lewis and Bates Black.

Upon last evening another delightful birthday party was given on Houston street, by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Powers, in honor of their daughter, Miss Carrie Powers.

Delicious refreshments were served and all present had a charming evening. The guests were Misses Errie Richmond, Mamie Goldsmith, Emily English, Annie May Hall, Robbie Lowe, Josie Inman, Mary Barnett, Isabel Castleman, Messrs. Jim Black, Bates Black, Fred Lewis, Harry Lewis, Jull Orme, Bert Lovejoy, John Kimball, John Stewart, Alred Prescott and Henry Grady, Jr.

Misses Ruby Jones, of Macon, and Mary Tigner, of Columbus, will arrive next Tuesday, to visit the Library section. The two charming ladies areables and beauties in their native city, and their arrival to Atlanta is looked forward to with much pleasure by all the young people in Miss Cottingham's set.

Miss Lydia Ridley, of LaGrange, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Todd, on Marietta street.

On last Wednesday evening General and Mrs. Lewis gave an elegant dinner to a number of their friends of the United States army, who have recently been stationed at the new barracks. The dinner was charged with that dash of refinement in service and appointments and grace and brightness in conversation that one would credit to such a delightful host and hostess. The artistic and appropriate decoration for the center of the table was a cannone made of diamonds, roses and ferns. The soldly guests looked, looking upon this gaily adorned instrument of death, have appropriately said: "Now hath grim-visaged war smoothed down his wrinkled front."

Many regrets are being expressed over the probability of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Fuller's not returning to Atlanta after their departure for New York, which will be very soon. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller are very popular people here, and their charming personality and cordial hospitality have been a great element in the social life of Atlanta.

Miss Ruth Powell, one of Newnan's charming young ladies, is visiting her cousin Misses Nona and Josie Earnest.

Mrs. P. B. Brown and Mrs. J. A. Hunt, will leave the city for Norcross today where they expect to enjoy the benefits of that lovely little town for a few weeks.

Last Tuesday evening the residence of Mr. W. H. Osborne, on Jackson street, was the scene of a most delightful entertainment. The party was given con amore, and with a spirit of fun, and a man, who has been visiting in Atlanta for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, assisted by Miss Pauline Osborne, were untiring in their efforts to further the enjoyment of all present, and the evening was one long to be remembered. Miss Hinton looked charming in pink moire, and received the attention paid her with unusual gracefulness and lovely manners. Among those present were Misses Hinton, Osborne, Poulton, Ellis, Faundi, Atkinson, Matilda, Robinson, Frank Wilson, Erkie Edmund, Eugenia and Edith Stephens, Gertrude and Louise Gray, Lizzie Fry, Robert Burbridge, Mamie and Katherine Taylor, Mamie McLean, Ada Lewis, Mary Bishop, Edith Nelson, Goshen, and Janet Bain. Thomas Thompson, Donlass, Messrs. Robinson, Robison, Will Kiser, Quincy Everett, Eugene Black, Bert Lovejoy, Fred Lewis, Fred Gandy, Henry Grady, Uriel Atkinson, George Hillyer, Wharton Wilson, Harry Wren, Marc Robinson, Peyton Douglas, Hinton Hopkins.

Miss Anna Gates, daughter of Hon. T. M. Gates, of Jackson, Tenn., is visiting the family of Mr. E. F. Shropshire, 125 Broad street.

John J. Woodside, wife and daughter, have returned from Whitepath springs very much improved. He speaks in the highest terms of the health and qualities of Whitepath.

Mrs. T. B. Brady and two sons, Master Miller and Henry Brady, have gone to Montgomery White Sulphur springs, Virginia, where they will spend a month.

Tomorrow will be a busy day.

Will Huff Caught. Last night Patrolmen Blowers, Steerman, Gene Conch and Lackey found that Will Huff was at a house on Walker street.

They slipped up on him and effected his capture. He was held in custody for breaking out of the stockade, after serving only half his sentence, for a charge of disorderly conduct. There is also a state case against Will for assault with intent to murder.

Colonel Rambo is out.

The number of candidates for the judgeship grew smaller.

Colonel Rambo is out.

A friend has been actively at work in his behalf sends the following announcement of the fact:

Hon. John D. Rambo, of the county of Clay, whose friends are prominently and urgently presenting names for the judgeship, has decided to enter the contest for that office. Mr. Rambo is a young man of fine talents and one who has the confidence of his fellow citizens. He is not a man of political influence.

This leaves but three candidates: Colonel J. H. Guerry, Colonel William Harrison and Colonel Powell.

There was but little talk of the judgeship about Atlanta yesterday, most of the members of the legislature being either in Pickens county or at their homes.

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Misses Kate Williams and Lizzie Lovejoy are spending several weeks with relatives and friends in Summerville, Ga.

Mr. Alfred L. Fowler, of THE CONSTITUTION, is on a visit to Chattanooga.

Miss Minnie Burris and Miss Alice Snow, two charming young ladies from Columbus, Ga., are visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Mr. Charles Sisson left last evening for New York and other eastern points.

Mrs. W. B. Burke and children have returned home after a pleasant trip to Cumberland.

Miss Agnes M. Erickson, who recently graduated with first honors at the Kelly academy, of Charleston, S. C., is visiting her uncle W. B. Burke, 45 West Cain street.

Mrs. Cash, of Louisiana, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. B. Neal, Washington street.

It is the Olive bill prevails we will have no great trunk lines, no great thoroughfares, but only as it were, a few small roads, and the country will possess no strength, no backing, no credit, no power to do anything for the country through which they pass. We want a line of steamers to Europe, so that our produce can find a direct outlet to the world. Little one-horse railroads which will go to the great port cities, the olive bill will be a hindrance to business, to keep the heads above the water. They will pay a small dividend and keep up the necessary wear and tear that is constantly going on, they will have fulfilled their purpose, and then we will have nothing to do unless the railroad commission comes to their assistance and allows them increased freight charges.

It is true that there will be a number of weddings this fall, and with some beauties and belli will be personally interested. A young man who has been best man to several dozen couples said mysteriously that his services were

CIVIL SERVICE LAWS

WILL BE OBEYED IN THE ATLANTA POSTOFFICE.

No Changes Except for the Good of the Service-General Lewis Stated His Position About Appointments—Major Smythe for Assistant.

The employees of the postoffice are beginning to feel a little shaky about their positions. Those who are democrats, and were appointed under the Cleveland administration, are wondering if they will be retained, and whether they will still work.

General Lewis, of the postmaster-elect, will charge of the office about the first of August. It has been rumored ever since the general's appointment that his course in the administration of the office could not be inconsistent with that usually followed by public appointments. It has even been intimated that he would disregard the civil service rules, and that he would not rest until he had ousted all who were not of his political faith.

Of course the several old republicans, who have been in their position since the Arthur administration, will be retained. The thinking air positions are certain, and all they have to do is to retain them to maintain their profession of faith in the party.

But most of these rumors are without foundation.

When asked about his position in regard to his policy, General Lewis said that the reports that he would strike right and left were groundless.

He intended to adhere strictly to the civil service laws. By this, I mean that it is not my purpose to desire to appoint any deviate from the enforcement of the rules as laid down. As far as wishing to get rid of any of the employees goes, nothing is farther from my mind.

"What removals will you probably make?"

"None except such as will be for the good of the service. If a man is efficient in his position, and the service cannot be benefited by his removal, he will be retained regardless of politics." In doing this, he will come under the civil service regulations the same course will be observed. To put it in just a few words, I am determined to do nothing but that which will be for the furtherance of the service. I am not a politician or an office-seeker, and shall use the office to my sedis end."

"Have you made any appointments yet for the more important offices?"

"I have made a few appointments, but you must remember, and can make an appointment until I take charge." "Who will be your assistant?"

"Major W. H. Smythe. I have selected him as the best man who could possibly be had for the place. He is very well known, and has a splendid reputation as a thorough business man."

"Besides Major Smythe, I have made only one other selection. That is Mr. Brownell as my chief accountant. He has been with me for a long time, book-keeper for Miles & Horn, the capital contractors, and is an excellent man for the position."

"Any other in view?"

"Of course I have other men in my mind, but as I have not yet definitely decided as to just what heads of departments will have to be removed I can't give them to the public. It will be time enough when the appointments are made."

"General Lewis' appointment was approved by the authorities at Washington last week."

"The bond is good and highly satisfactory, and that's as much as is necessary to say," he remarked, when asked about it.

One of General Lewis' most intimate friends, a gentleman who has known him for many years, said he was satisfied that he would make one of the best postmasters the city ever had. "I am confident that he will be a good man, and will be a credit to the city and to the public. He is not and never has been an office-seeker, and it was only at the solicitation of friends that he consented to let his name be used for this office. After his appointment he told me that he took it entirely from a sense of public duty, not from any consideration of any political or financial advantage."

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SOME RAMBLES AT HOME.

PLEASANT DAYS IN THE STUDIOS OF ATLANTA'S ARTISTS.

The Artist Life and the Home Life of Three of Atlanta's Citizens—Mr. Frazee, Mr. Field, and Mr. Morrison in Their Studio Homes.

How strange are the different phases of life, how different the men that jostle each other along the streets.

One would think that breathing the same air might make them understand and agree with each other, but human ideas and human nature are things that cannot be caught or acquired.

Side by side walk the dreamer and the man of practical toil, each leading a life within himself, each having his little world of life and death, of joy and pain.

There are some quiet men here in Atlanta, of whose personality the world at large knows little, and who are as far away from the busy work-a-day world as if they lived in the stars instead of the last stories of our great, busy buildings. They are men whose professions make it necessary for people who seek them to ascend, for their work necessitates a sky free from the shadows of earth. They are both workers and dreamers, and are altogether separate and distinct from their fellows, both in their natures and in their points of view. I love to go among them, and touch the silver chords of their hearts and enter into their sweet exalted lives.

One of them is Mr. Orion Frazee, who has his sculptor's studio above Chamberlin and Johnson's. There he lives amid his art almost a god, since he can fashion a vision from the clay of which God made him.

Was it not as a lesson to the coming world of art that God fashioned the first man from the dust of the earth? Did He not say to the whole world of artists: "See the immortal being I have fashioned from the lowliest substance. Put thou, also, a soul into this substance and give it, as I have, a glorious immortality."

The work of a sculptor is the most difficult of all arts to perfect, the grandest when perfected. He has no color to give tone and expression, and unless his ideal and creative powers are marvelous his work is cold and uninteresting.

To Mr. Frazee has been given a wonderful amount of ideal, and his work is full of soul imagination, and that refinement without which no artist can take one step towards success. One of his recent and most beautiful works is an intaglio head of little Louise Innan, the deceased daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Innan. For this work he had only some very unsatisfactory pictures of the child to guide him, yet his success was wonderful.

The face is in profile, the shadows and tones of the work are exquisitely fine, and full of a soft, delightful impressiveness. The face is the embodiment of refined, fair childhood; the droop of the mouth, the curve of the lips like white rose leaves overladen with dew, are particularly the possession of extreme youth.

Next to this intaglio the one which pleases me most is that of Wagner. In this white profile face I seem to read more understandingly the genius of the great musician than in all the music of his which I have heard. A fine bust relief just finished is of John Wesley, a copy of one that is in a New York Methodist church. The face of the great reformer is in profile, the life and aims of the man written in every earnest line about eyes, mouth and brow.

A recently completed marble bust of Dr. Caldwell, of the Elyton Land company, has been placed in the Caldwell house in Birmingham, and the copy in the studio is a splendid work. Among the other notable works is a relief of Major Mims taken from life—a perfect piece of art giving to the handsome, distin-guished profile, the expression of brilliancy and genial cordiality that his friends knew and love so well. The first order the artist received in Georgia was that of the state's coat of arms for the new capitol.

There was the fine bust of Judge Lorraine, and several death masks of prominent southern men. Among them, the one of most interest to me, was that of General Robert Toombs. The face, with its cold, lifeless features, retained a suggestion of the great Georgian as I first remembered him, when his eyes were diamonds and his tongue was gold, when eloquence fell from his lips as easily as a summer rain on flowers, when his wit flashed lightning from the sun-ray of his soul. Washington, Ga., should have a bust of this great man made, for the Mary Willis library. Her citizens could easily furnish the money for such a noble purpose.

There are many other things in this place worth mentioning, but I want to tell something of the man who created them. His life has been an interesting one. Art seemed his destiny, he having inherited his genius from his father, John Frazee, the great monumental sculptor and the first American who executed a marble bust from his own model. This bust, taken from a painting after death, now stands in St. Paul's church, New York. John Frazee had twenty children, ten by his first and ten by his second wife, Orion Frazee being among the latter.

As soon as the boy was old enough to think at all, he determined to be a sculptor like his father. Before he was twenty, he commenced the study of his art under Launt Thompson, completing it in a few years and opening a studio in the city, where he succeeded well for several years. Then his health failed, leaving him a hopeless dyspeptic. The doctors said he must have fresh air and exercise, so he determined to live a camping out life. In 1873 he took the steamer from New York to Troy, and from there he made a pedestrian journey over sixteen states, walking first to Rochester, then up the Genesee river and into Passaic woods where he spent a year among the Seneca Indians. Then he went down the Allegheny river into Western Pennsylvania and on west until he reached Kansas, when he returned to see the Centennial exposition, at Philadelphia.

"And did you enjoy all this, and never grow tired?" I asked.

"Never," he replied, "my health was good, air was bracing and delightful, and each hour spread a new and perfect paradise before my eyes. My love of nature is my life, my happiness my wealth. I would not exchange it for millions. The countries I walked over I will never forget. I remember each hill and dale, every flower and leaf my eyes looked upon. I shall never forget one afternoon in northern Indiana, in the harvest time, when I stood upon a high hill overlooking all the land. So great was the beauty and richness of the world about me, so sublimely beautiful that I was filled with an overwhelming sense of gratitude, and I lifted my hat and thanked God for letting me live in such a radiant kingdom."

From the west he returned to farm in New Jersey, determining to lead a busy, physical life and give up his art, seeing that such work put him immediately in ill health again. On the farm the moisture brought malaria, and he departed for the west again, to take up his art in the execution of a bust ordered in Kansas.

Returning by way of Atlanta he determined to locate in this city, and did so, finally fitting up the studio which he now occupies. He has succeeded here and the people appreciate his talents, which are of so high an order that they cannot be excelled by any sculptor in this country.

Next door to him there sits at work a quiet young artist, an Atlantan by birth and a man in whom practical business ability is added to

his sterling merit as an artist. He is an artist who says that when he first entered his work he thought it wouldn't support one, and now he finds it will support three, his wife, little boy and himself.

From the first, James Field has shown great talent and purpose in his work. With scarcely any training he entered art several years ago, after resigning his position in the wholesale grocery business. He worked quietly and uncomplainingly through the rough places, and now is on the high road to success. A stern and unconcealed critic of himself he has learned something new with each stroke of his brush. His talent for catching resemblances seems to point to portrait painting as his destiny. Gradually the hard lines of a crude hand have disappeared from his canvas. His flesh tints have softened, and he has imbued his people with the naturalness of life. His recent portrait of Hon. Frank Rice is a triumph in portraiture that symbolizes his future success.

He is now filling many other orders from prominent people, and will do a great deal of work abroad.

Mr. Field leaves this autumn for a year's study in Paris. His past success, alone and unaided, makes future success a certainty, after he has had the advantages of and learned all the wonderful and useful art mysteries that Paris alone can teach.

My third artist is widely known and beloved socially in Atlanta, where the works of his brush gain the most enthusiastic appreciation. Hal Morrison and his charming little family occupy rooms in the Fifteen building. There is a pretty young wife with bright dark eyes and curly brown hair, and little Hal two sturdy legs and the same sort of eyes and hair, and these two make a home in the artist's Bohemia, without which he declares:

"I would be good for nothing, an idler and a dreamer of dreams."

Instead of this, I found him one morning a very busy, practical man amid his large art class, this composed of big and little folks, the smallest being twins and infant prodigies to boot. Their names, Arthur and Burton Clarke, their parents Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clarke. This was their second lesson, and they sat drawing cows with a savoir faire that couldn't be taught. They had never seen a cow before, and Mr. Morrison says their talent is remarkable, and that many old, experienced pupils do not half so well.

Their master is an artist worthy to direct them. He has to perfection the art nature and feeling, and so strongly did I assert it self in his boyhood that he bore many a whipping for its sake. He was born in Prince Edwards Island, Canada, and was educated to be a physician, that being his mother's ambition for him. He received his diploma and had an appointment for two years on the medical staff of the Intercolonial railroad.

"All that time," he said, "I did nothing but paint and fish, and finally abandoned my profession entirely to rove over the whole world and paint what pleased me. Here is something from my winter outing in Florida."

The pictures were two tropical scenes, delightful in color, exquisite in execution. The blue of the water and sky—that intense blue that might blind but for the moist atmosphere—realistically before me on the canvas.

"Talk of color," said the artist, "there's something to it, of course, but people seem to think color can't be found out of the tropics. There, those glorious color in Scotland. The heather and the reflection from the lakes is the cause. Then look at Iceland. If ever there was a country God willed his palette on, it is that one. There's no color like the northern lights on icebergs."

One of the tropical scenes showed a boat sail by the palm-lined shore of a Florida lake.

"That sail," said the painter, "was our tent at night. We sailed in the yacht all day, my companion and I, anchored at night, took out the sail and made our sleeping tent."

"And how did you live?"

"Live? Why, one couldn't help living in a country where the water was full of fish and the marshes were full of game and the trees heavy with fruit. I never lived so well in my life."

The artist has brought many treasures in his soul, and upon his canvas from this beautiful, tropical winter. Always a masterly painter of still life, his recent pictures of game and fish seem wonderful, and are not, in my opinion, to be surpassed by any living artist. His largest study is one of birds—seas birds and ducks on a greenish gray ground. The leather gun cases lie beside this abundance of beautiful game; the painting is to the life itself in every daign, glistening feather.

A widgeon on a gourd was another exquisite study. The natural wing of the bird was put beside it, and then in its perfect imitation the perfect art of the painter was fully proven.

Some studies of the many beautiful species of trout lay beside clear waters amid cool rushes, and two speckled beauties hung against the well cover of a fish boat, the work so realistic that one wanted to touch it to see if it really was not the just-landed fishes.

"People think," said the pictures' creator, "that the uncouth children of nature have no idea, no comprehension. It is astonishing to find out how much they do observe. A rough, uncouth fellow stood before that trout study. He said, 'You bought em from Johnson,' and then went up to touch the well cover to see where that came from. The fellow knew the fish came from Johnson's by the way the grasses were tied through their mouths. It is some simple person from whom I receive the sincerest criticism. Children give the best and most honest opinions. Many people love art without knowing why. There is one man who cares for my pictures and buys them, saying he don't know why, but he knows they smooth his soul."

Some flower and fruit pieces were beautifully executed. In a large study of rhododendrons against a rich ground of dense green leaves the effect was deliciously cool and sweet, the flowers a concentrated story of the mountains from whence they came.

A fruit pie—plums, a pineapple and peaches against a rich ground—was a most delightful and tempting study, and there was a piece of watermelon, pink, cool and sweet beyond description.

From Florida hang trophies on the walls—sea birds and wild ducks, all beautifully stuffed by the artist. The studio is a delightful place to go, for the eyes, mind and heart.

So are all studies to the lover of the true and beautiful. MAUDE ANDREWS.

Good Enough for Him.

Sweet and late returned the hours, To bind her to me, no date kept in a fair and dower'd woe. Her father's fat and woolie sheep. Good Stephen loves her, but of late, Her heart is hid in hyde and coole; Tis that he bears, she's graduate Of a young lady's school;

Ye youth bathe but a rustice minde; With moderate prouesse not in touch; Ye may be good, he's inclined.

To doubt it, very, very much. "Nay, nay, nay, nay, saith he, "Although I told you, your classe you led In natural philosophie;

Has that improved your breed? Ye fruits their growth you can reveal;

You say, "ye eat not roses round and round; With that help wove a spinning wheel,

Or tell what staves should cost a pound."

Ye lost ten tribes of Israel, You know, and may be where they've gone, But I'll help you, saith you tell, Sew one button on.

What bootes it for a wifes to learn?

Dates, when she's got pearl tarts to make?

And to dispute, why fit to make?

"The pleute, Maister Strephon," said Ye nymphs,

"I know o'w e'll do.

There's Marianne, our serving mayde,

She's just the wife for you!"

—From Time.

A FIGHTER IN PIECES.

AN ATLANTA GIRL TELLS OF SCENES IN NEW YORK.

A Visit to the Eden Muse—The Wonderful Chess Automaton—A Weird Instrument of Torture—Scenes in New York.

NEW YORK, July 27.—[Special Correspondence]—John L. Sullivan in sections! Who will believe it? It is a fact, nevertheless. I see the great and only John L. in what may be called "piecemeal."

From my window I can look into the work shop of the Eden muse where there are representations of all nations exhibited in wax. The work is all done in the Eden, and as I am just opposite, I see the manipulations of all the figures and now they are busy on John L.

Sentiment to the civilized American is impossible in such weather, and engagements and weddings have ceased to occur. Upon a moderate summer night, a night with a slight breeze to fan the emotions to a flame, a young man can declare his undying devotion with ardor and simplicity and without the aid of fans and ice water but this debilitating weather is made for the love of the man who sang Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song."

No love-making Bedouins present themselves here for the keeping up of sentiment under difficult circumstances, but the recent performances of a heathen Chinaman in that line proves that heat cannot wither the heart of the tea grower.

The young lady went on with her work, thinking the strange little figure would depart; but it moved not, neither did it speak for some minutes. After gazing at her intently, the figure glided noiselessly into the office, and said to one of the clerks: "Melican gal muchee likee Chinee."

The young lady referred to flushed with embarrassment and indignation. She didn't fancy being likened to those ladies with small feet and queer faces that disport themselves upon fans and banners. The clerk started to say that he could see no resemblance but the celestial had departed as noiselessly as he had come in.

The next day and the next the yellow man in blue clothes stood silently at the window and gazed at the pretty little girl who grew more and more nervous at this dumb admiration and deeply regretful that her eyes were long and slightly slanting and that her skin was slightly dark.

One morning she found on her desk a package uncannily interesting. It was wrapped in a Chinese gift cloth of golden tissue embroidered in Chinese figures. Removing this the girl discovered a box of paper masque, wrought in wondrous designs of beasts and birds, a regular illustrated delirium tremens of a box. Lifting the lid she spied a thin, white paper, with "Melican girl" written upon it. Beneath this lay a wealth of sweets, nuts and candies and pastes, prepared in such a way as only the Chinese can, an upside down in a surprising sort of way, with syrup in balls that made you wonder how they were fixed, and all sorts of conglomerations going to make a sweet harmony.

The girl distrusted these enticing things which goes to prove she was timid enough for a Chinese wife, if fear could make her resist the seductive bonito so enticing to the female youth of America. But she said she couldn't, and she wouldn't touch the stuff and so the other employers first in economy and presently a fellow remarked quite loud, "pswhaw, he's nothing but a darned humbug."

Well, you would have laughed at we did when that "darned humbug" raised his head and looked at his critic in a most contemptuous manner, and brought the blush to the cheek of his assailant.

The blond young woman who attends the chess player, showed us all through him by opening a little door in his stomach and back, so we could see right through him, that his insides were all wire and machinery. I looked all around for the hidden mirror, but could detect nothing that would possibly assist that he was a most embarrassing. The "chamber of horrors," as it is called, is most interesting, but rather scary to people of nervous dispositions, as there are people with nervous heads off, one man being, or in fact hung another with his throat cut, all as natural as life or death; it all does make one feel rather squirmish.

Some how the sculptor has made all the men's noses look alike; they are generally too large and heavy looking for the faces, and the nostrils are too thick. No patrician about the noses he makes. There is a sameness about that one organ that is remarkable; some of the women have a most insipid expression, but some are quite good. The "chamber of horrors," as it is called, is most interesting, but rather scary to people of nervous dispositions, as there are people with nervous heads off, one man being, or in fact hung another with his throat cut, all as natural as life or death; it all does make one feel rather squirmish.

The last visit was a few days ago. He entered the office in a garb the Mikado might have envied, so richly was it embossed and embroidered with things that swam and crawled and flew. In his hand he held a lighted yellow candle that the Chinese uses as an hour glass. Placing it before the student girl at the typewriter, he said, solemnly:

"Mally while light burn."

The girl, in mortal terror of being exposed thus compelled celestial right, snatched her candle and blew it out; and then the Chinaman, showing for the first time some human emotion, left her presence with a face as pale as death.

It might be a good thing after all to marry a Chinaman if one wanted a decorative sort of husband. He would be very useful about a house in many ways, and could make lovely things for one's parlor, besides washing the dishes and doing all the laundry work. His penchant for rats might make it inadvisable to trust him with the cooking, but for a cheap, industrious knacky husband, he would beat all others.

In July.

Why do we look so dull and glum?

It's not because we're quarrelsome!

It's hot.

Life seems a burden hard to bear;

No clothing's enough to wear;

If we're worked how'd we swear;

It's hot.

The city seems an oven now;

It's hot.

The perspiration bathes your brow;

It's hot.

You do not get used to work;

If you could make chance your shirk;

But you're the owner, not the cleric;

It's hot.

Well, never mind, although today

It's hot.

There'll come a time when you can't say

It's hot.

The winds blowe, fierce and chill,

December shovs thy whisksill fil;

And then you'll growl—know you will—

It's cold.

—From the Somerville Journal.

THE ART OF COOKING.

AUNT FANNY AT HOME.

A FAMOUS NORTH GEORGIA WOMAN AND HER OLD MAN

Tell of the Days When Senator Brown Was a Boy, and of the Sports of His Boyhood—In the Regions About Sinking Mountain—Atlanta at Tallulah.

TALLULAH FALLS, July 27.—[Special.] Right over that, just to the left of that big tree what the lightning killed is where he lived.

"How far is it, Aunt Fanny?"

"Oh, 'bout ter half an erquarter. Yis, we all knowed him mighty well afore he got to be such a big man. I often' magine that he don't look like he used ter," and the speaker, a woman of seventy years or more, became meditative.

Then in a minute she began again:

"Oh, yis, we all knowned Joe Brown well—mighty wel'. Many's the time I've seed him follow his plow over that hill thar—the one to the right of that lightning-killed tree. He wa—"

"What?"

"My uncle made a gun and traded it to the man who owned the place for the falls. Then he sold it to Weeks and Weeks sold it to us."

The Cliff house is now managed by Mr. C. S. Timberlake, one of the best hotel men in the south. Mr. Timberlake is known far and wide by his connection with resorts, and has many friends in Atlanta who follow him around.

He was a good shot with the old long rifle he had and carried away a turkey from many a shootin' match, and some of them was on Sunday, too.

He was a strong one, too, and could wear out a horse or a dog on a 'coon or a 'possum hunt.

"And on Sundays w'd go to that mill and play cards," said Aunt Fannie's "old man," who was sitting near me.

"But Senator Brown is a member of the Baptist church," said Dr. Fred Palmer, who was present.

"He may be now," replied the old man, "but he ain't now. Why, he come play with the best of us and took the mornin' away every time if it was Sunday. And 'sides he was a good shot with the old long rifle he had and carried away a turkey from many a shootin' match, and some of them was on Sunday, too.

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"What you mean?" asked the old man.

"Oh, less! I put up all his medicines," answered Dr. Palmer.

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